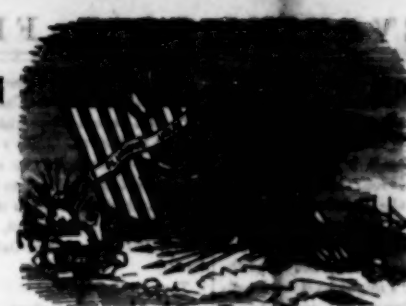


# THE SATURDAY

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

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# EVENING POST.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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### LA COQUETTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

The blossoms of Spring were beneath us,  
The myrtle stars were above,  
In the shade of the oriel window  
I stood with my beautiful love;  
Oh, his tresses were yellow as amber,  
His eyes had a tremulous shine,  
When he "prisoned my hand and entreated  
"Beloved" when wilt thou be mine?"  
And I said—"When the blossoms beneath us  
With the flowers of summer entwined—  
My lord, thou mayest cease from thy wooing,  
For then I will surely be thine!"

Two Summer,—the sweet Minniewingers,  
The birds, were staid in the grove,  
In the shade of the oriel window  
I stood with my beautiful love;  
Oh, his locks were as black as the tempest,  
His eyes were like gems in a shrine,  
And solemn and slowly he murmured,  
"Beloved" when wilt thou be mine?"  
And I said—"When the birds are migrating,  
And the winds with their music are rife—  
Oh, then I shall cease to be maiden,  
For then I'll consent to be wife!"

The pulses of Autumn were sinking,  
Its voice had the plaint of the dove,  
In the shade of the oriel window  
I stood with my beautiful love;  
Oh, his hair was as brown as the chestnut,  
And his hazel eyes sparkled like wine—  
When he bent down his proud head and pleaded  
"Beloved" when wilt thou be mine?"  
And I said—"When the leaves that are crimson  
Are changing to yellow and dun,  
O then our two lives like the waters  
Will mingle forever in one!"

Tis Winter,—all muffled and silent,  
The snow-drifts come down on the plain—  
In the shade of the oriel window,  
I linger and listen in vain;  
For the blossoms of Spring have departed,  
The birds of the Summer have flown,  
The leaves that were crimson are yellow,  
And I am lamenting alone!

Philadelphia, Jan. 17th, 1860.

## THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT  
FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year  
1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office  
of the District Court for the Eastern District of  
Pennsylvania.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### CAPTAIN CHESNEY'S HOME.

The setting sun was streaming into the  
pretty drawing-room of a pretty house in that  
western suburb of South Wrenock called the  
Rise; a small white house, built in the villa  
fashion. It was enclosed from the road by  
iron railings, to which a sloping lawn bent  
down from the windows—a grove of thick  
shrubs, and trees that would some time be  
tall, intervening between the lawn and the  
railings. It had been a wet and boisterous  
day, but as the sun neared its setting, it sud-  
denly broke forth to shine upon the world, as  
if it would in compassion accord a glimpse of  
warmth and brightness to the passing day,  
which had been long for it.

Three ladies sat in the drawing-room; or,  
rather, two ladies and a young girl. They  
were the daughters of Captain Chesney, and  
there was a marked difference in their respec-  
tive ages; as is apt to be the case in families  
where the father serves his country, whether  
by sea or by land, and his absence from home  
is of long duration. Jane Chesney must have  
been nearly thirty years of age; she was a  
peculiarly quiet-looking, lady-like young wo-  
man, with drooping eyelids and light hair. She  
sat at a table with some bits of paper before  
her, that bore the appearance of bills and an  
account-book. There was a patient wearied  
look about her, which seemed to say that her  
life was not free from care.

Touching the keys of a piano with a mas-  
terly hand, but softly, too, as if she would  
obviate its sound, with her large, brilliant  
brown eyes flashing with a radiant light, and  
her exquisite features unusually beautiful, sat  
Laura Chesney. Two or three-and-twenty  
years of age, she yet looked younger than she  
was; but of middle height, light and grace-  
ful, with the charm of a peculiarly youthful  
manner, Laura never was taken for her real  
age, and none detected her extreme vanity.—  
Girls are vain; beautiful girls very vain; but  
it has rarely entered into the heart of woman  
to conceive of such vanity as tarried the heart  
of Laura Chesney. It was the one pas-

sion of her life, the great passion which over-  
powered the otherwise good seeds implanted  
in her, and rendered them dormant. Not that  
vanity was her only failing; she had others.  
She was self-willed, obstinate, and of a rebelli-  
ous spirit. Lately another passion had taken  
possession of her, one which seemed to change  
her very nature, and in which even her vanity  
was lost. She was dressed in a handsome  
striped silk dress, with hanging sleeves of  
costly lace shading her delicate arms, on which  
were golden bracelets. Jane was in a violet  
morino, somewhat faded, without lace or orna-  
ment. And, keeping time to Laura's music,  
and humming in concert, danced a child in a  
similar faded morino dress, the frills of her  
white drawers just peeping below its short  
skirt, a pretty child of eleven, the youngest of  
the family; but her dancing, like the music,  
was quiet and subdued.

In the room above, lay Captain Chesney, a  
post captain in the navy, upon half-pay, fierce  
and choleric. He was subject to periodical at-  
tacks of gout, and was now recovering from  
one. At such times he was more noisy and  
impetuous than at others. The means of the  
family were terribly straitened; the captain had  
nothing but his half-pay, and what is that,  
to live upon? Captain Chesney's half-pay, too,  
was encumbered with back debts. Jane bore  
the brunt of it all—the petty, daily cares and  
crosses, the putting off of creditors, the schem-  
ing how to make their ten shillings go as far  
as other people's twenty, the anxiety for the  
present, the dread for the future; Jane bore it  
all meekly, patiently—but it was wearing her out.

She sat now over the last week's bills, lean-  
ing her aching head upon her hand, and add-  
ing them up. Jane was not a good accountant,  
few women are, for they are not trained to be  
so, and she went over their columns more than  
once. It was not that which worried and  
damped her; it was the glance at the sums to-  
tal, and the knowledge that these bills could  
only be put aside with those of many, many  
weeks back, unpaid.

She pushed them from her, and leaned back  
in her chair with a sobbing sigh.

"Lucy, child, I wish you would not dance  
so; it puts me out."  
The little girl turned round.

"I'm sure I am not making a noise, Jane."  
"You are worrying yourself over those  
wretched bills, Jane! I wonder you get them  
about at night!" exclaimed Laura. "Do you  
know what I should do?"

"What?" asked Jane, languidly.

"I should just let things go on as they can,  
without tormenting myself."

"Let things go on as they can!" echoed  
Jane, in a tone of pain. "Oh, Laura!"

"Why, what good can you do by worrying  
and fretting over them? What good do you  
do?"

"Do you not understand, Laura, that some-  
body must fret and worry over them; and  
that, if I were not here to do it, it must be  
papa?"

"Well, he is more fit to battle with such  
matters than you. And it is his own impru-  
dence which has brought it all on; if it were  
not for those nasty back debts, recklessly en-  
countered—"

"Be silent, Laura!" authoritatively inter-  
rupted Jane. "How dare you cast a reflection  
on my dear father?"

Laura's face fell; she did not like the re-  
proach.

"Papa is as dear to me as you, Jane,"  
she presently said, "but I am not a stick or a  
stone, and I cannot but feel the difference be-  
tween our position in life, and that of other  
young ladies in our rank; ours, nothing but  
pinching and perplexity; theirs, all flowers and  
sunshine."

"Laura, there's a skeleton in every closet;  
and no one can judge of another's sorrows.—  
The lives that look to us but flowers and sun-  
shine, may have their inward darkness, just  
as ours have. No one knows where the shoe  
pinches, remember, but those who wear it."

"You are talking nonsense," said Laura.

"What other young lady—in saying a young  
lady, I mean an unmarried lady, one still shel-  
tered from the world's cares in her father's  
home—has to undergo the trouble and anxiety  
that you have?"

"If I can but save trouble and anxiety to my  
dear father, I shall think myself repaid," an-  
swered Jane Chesney.

"And who, save us, have to live, barred up  
in a house, not daring to visit or be visited, lest  
it might increase, by a few shillings, the week-  
ly expenditure?"

"Hush, Laura, do not take to repining; that  
will be the worst of all. It is our lot, and we  
must bear it patiently."

Laura did not seem to bear it very patiently  
just then. She laid her hands on the instru-  
ment, and played passionately, as if finding a  
vent for her anger. The little girl had leaned  
against the window frame and listened, her  
small white hands clasped before her, and her  
soft brown eyes, not less beautiful than Laura's,  
but with a sweeter expression, turning from  
one to the other of her sisters, as each had  
spoken. Suddenly there came a thumping  
on the floor above, as with a heavy walking-  
stick.

"There, Laura! that's because you played  
out so loudly," cried the little girl. "I forgot  
myself to-day, when I was practising, and took  
my foot off the soft pedal, and down came  
papa's stick, as if he would have knocked the  
floor through."

Laura Chesney rose, closed the piano, not  
quite so gently as she might have done, and  
went and stood in the window, her brown

hair acquiring almost a golden tinge in the sun-  
light.

Thump! thump! thump! went the stick,  
and Jane sprang from her seat.

"It is not the piano; papa must want some-  
thing." But ere she could leave the room, a  
voice, loud and imperious, was heard above.

"Laura! Laura! It is for you, Laura," said  
Jane, "make haste up."

Laura Chesney caught up a little black  
mantle, which lay on the back of a chair, and  
threw it over her shoulders; it partially hid  
the beauty of her dress, which was much  
trimmed with fringes and ribbon, and it cover-  
ed the lace sleeves; next she tore off her gold  
bracelets, left them on the table, and flew up  
stairs.

"Jane," began the little girl, "if Laura  
thinks that papa would be angry with her for  
wearing that best dress every day, and mam-  
ma's golden bracelets, why does she wear them?"

A puzzling question for Jane Chesney to an-  
swer—to answer to a young mind, which was  
being moulded for good or for ill.

"Laura is very fond of dress, Lucy, dear;  
perhaps she thinks papa is less fond of it."

"Papa is less fond of it," returned the child;  
"at least, I don't see of seeing us wear it. I  
think we would like to continue in these old  
merinoes till—oh, till it's time to put them on  
again next winter."

Jane sighed.

"Dress is expensive, Lucy, and you  
know—"

"Yes I know," answered the child, filling  
up the pause come to her sister. "But, Jane,  
I want to ask you something. What did you  
mean by saying there was a skeleton in  
every closet?"

"Come hither, Lucy." She held out her  
hand, and the child came forward, and placed  
herself on a stool at Jane's feet. Jane took  
her hand in hers, and Lucy sat there, while she  
spoke, looking upwards to her calm, placid face.

"If mamma had lived, Lucy, perhaps you  
might not have needed to ask me this, for she  
would have taught you and trained you more  
efficiently than I have done—"

"I'm sure, Jane," interrupted the child, her  
large eyes filling with tears, "you are as good  
to me as mamma could have been, and you  
teach me well."

"As we pass through life, Lucy, darling,  
troubles come upon us; cares, more or less  
heavy—"

"Do they come to us all, Jane? To every-  
body in the world?"

"They come to us all, my dear; it is the  
will of God. I do not suppose anybody is with-  
out them. We know what our own cares are,  
but sometimes we cannot see what others care  
have—we cannot see, and can scarcely believe,  
that they have any. We see them prospering,  
with pleasant and plentiful homes, nay, with  
wealth and luxury; they possess, so far as we  
can tell, health and strength; they are, so far  
as we can see, a happy and united family. Yet  
often it happens that these very people, who  
seem to us to be so fortunate as to be objects of  
envy, do possess some secret care, so great that  
it may be hastening them to the grave before  
their time, and all the greater because it has  
to be concealed from the world. Then we call  
that care a skeleton in the closet, because it is  
unseen by others, and hidden from their eyes.  
Do you understand now, Lucy?"

"Oh, yes. But, Jane, why should care come  
to everybody?"

"My child, I have just told you it is the will  
of God. You are young and light-hearted, Lucy,  
and you cannot yet understand the need of care.  
It comes to us from a world that we can  
stay but a little time in—"

"Oh, Jane! we live to be old men and wo-  
men!"

Jane Chesney smiled; care and its bitter  
fruits—bitter to bear, but sweet in the end—  
had come to her early, and made her wise.

"The very best of us live but a short time,  
Lucy—for you know we must speak of time by  
comparison. Three-score years and ten here,  
and ages upon ages, life without ending, here,  
after. Well, dear, care and sorrow and disap-  
pointment come to draw our love from this  
world, and to teach us to long for the next—to  
long for it, and to prepare for it. Care comes  
from God, and nothing comes from Him but  
what is good for us."

"Why do people hide their care?"

"It is in our nature to hide excessive sorrow  
and excessive joy; they are both too sacred to  
be talked of with our fellow mortals; they are  
bidden away with God. Lucy, dear, you are  
too young to understand this."

"I shall look out for the skeleton now, Jane.  
When I see people who seem a little dull, I  
shall think, Ah, you have a skeleton in your  
closet."

"It exists where no dullness is apparent,"  
replied Miss Chesney. "I remember meeting  
with a lady—it was before we came to South  
Wrenock—who appeared to possess every re-  
quisite to make life happy; she was light-heart-  
ed and cheerful, and one day, when I had  
grown intimate with her, I remarked to her  
that if any one ever appeared free from care, it  
was herself. I shall never forget her answer,  
or the deep sadness that rose to her face as she  
spoke it. 'Few, living, have been so afflicted  
with anxiety and care as I have been; it has  
come to me in all ways; and, but for God's  
support, I could not have borne it. You must  
not judge by appearances, Miss Chesney.' The  
answer took away my illusion, Lucy, and the  
tears rose to my eyes, in echo to those  
which earnestness and remembrance had called  
up to hers."

"What had her sorrow been, Jane?"

"She did not say, but that her words and  
emotions were only too true, I was certain. She  
appeared to be rich in the world's ties, having  
a husband and children, brothers and sisters,  
having all, in short, apparently to make life  
happy. The skeleton exists where we least ex-  
pect it, Lucy."

"Suppose it ever comes to me, Jane! Should  
I die?"

"No, dear," laughed Jane Chesney, "it  
does not come to run away with people, after  
that fashion; it rather comes to teach them  
how to live. I will repeat to you a sentence,  
Lucy, which you must treasure up, and remem-  
ber all ways. 'Adversity'—adversity is but  
another name for care and sorrow, no matter  
what their nature," Jane Chesney broke off to  
say—"Adversity hardens the heart, or it opens  
it to Paradise." When it shall come to  
you, the great ugly skeleton of adversity, Lucy,  
you must let it do the latter."

"Adversity hardens the heart, or it opens it  
to Paradise," repeated Lucy. "That is a nice  
saying, Jane; I like it."

Meanwhile Laura had hastened up stairs at  
her father's summons. Captain Chesney was  
reclining in an easy chair, his feet extended  
out before him, on what is called a rest. The  
rest was swathed in bandages, as gouty feet  
sometimes must be; he was quite helpless, so  
far as the legs were concerned, but his tongue  
and hands were the reverse of helpless, the  
hands kept up the noise of the stick perpetu-  
ally, and the tongue its own noise, to the ex-  
treme discomfort of the household. He was a  
shod man, sailor-like, with overhanging  
brows, and large, brilliant, brown eyes, like  
Laura's and Lucy's.

"Was that you, playing?"

"Yes, papa."

"Oh, it was not Lucy?"

"Papa! you know that Lucy could not play  
like that."

"A good thing for her," roared Captain  
Chesney, as a twinge took him, "for I should  
have ordered her to be whipped first, and sent  
to bed afterwards. How dare you annoy me  
with that horrid, squeaking, strumming piano!  
I'll sell it."

As a day never passed but Captain Chesney  
uttered the same threat, it made little im-  
pression on Laura.

"Where's Jane?" he went on.

"She's at those everlasting bills, papa,"  
was Laura's reply, who, truth to say, did not  
regard her father with the excessive reverence  
and affection that Jane did.

"Up!" retorted the captain, "let her  
throw 'em behind the fire."

"I should," put in Laura, but the assent-  
ing remark greatly offended him, and for  
five minutes he kept up an incessant scolding  
of Laura.

"Is that inquest over?" he wound up with.

"I don't know anything about it, papa."

"Has Carlyon not been up?"

"No," replied Laura, bending to smooth  
the pillow under her father's feet, lest the sud-  
den accession of color, which she felt rush to  
her cheeks, should be noticed. In doing this,  
she unwittingly touched the worst foot in the  
worst part, and the unhappy captain, one of  
the most impatient to bear pain that the gout  
ever came to, shrieked, shook his stick, and  
finally let off some of his quarter-deck lan-  
guage.

"Papa, I am very sorry; my hand slipped,"  
she deprecatingly said.

"Did you ever have the gout, Miss Laura  
Chesney?"

"No, papa."

"Then perhaps you'll exercise a little care,  
when you are about those who do, and not  
let your hand 'slip.' Slip indeed! it's all you  
are good for, to agonize people, and put them  
in a passion. What do you do here? Why  
don't you let Jane come up?"

"Why, papa, you called me!"

"That canting piano! I'll send for a man  
to-morrow, and he shall value it, and take it  
away. What's the reason that Carlyon doesn't  
come? He's getting above his business, is  
that fellow. I have a great mind to turn him  
off, and call in one of the Greys. I wish I had  
done so when we first came here; they are at-  
tentive. You shall write him a note, and tell  
him not to put his foot inside my gate any  
more."

Laura's heart turned sick, sick lest her  
father should execute his threat.

"He could not be dismissed without being  
paid," she said, in a low tone, hoping it  
might have weight; and the captain growled.

"Has Pompey come back?" he began  
again.

"Not yet, papa. He has scarcely had  
time—"

"But I say he has had time," intemperately  
interrupted the captain. "He is stopping  
loitering over that precious inquest, hearing  
what's going on there; one fool make many.  
I'll let him with my stick when he returns.  
Give me that!"

The captain rapped his stick violently on a  
table in his vicinity, pretty nearly causing the  
sauce of jelly, which stood there, to fly off it.  
Laura handed him the sauce and teaspoon.

"Who made this jelly?" he asked, when he  
had tasted it.

"What had her sorrow been, Jane?"

"She did not say, but that her words and  
emotions were only too true, I was certain. She  
appeared to be rich in the world's ties, having  
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had tasted it.

"If I must, I must," replied Laura Chesney.

"But I'd rather go a mile the other way.  
Through indeed, Jane, I have no more, right to  
be exempt from these unpleasantness than you."

"You could not manage with them as I do,  
you would grow angry and haughty with  
them," returned Jane, as she ran up stairs.

"Coming, coming, coming, dear papa," she  
called out, for the stick was clattering furio-  
usly.

Miss Laura Chesney proceeded down the  
gravel walk which swept round the lawn, and  
looked over the gate. There stood a man in a  
respectable velvet dress. He was the prop-  
rietor of a fly in the neighborhood, which  
Captain Chesney had extensively patronized,  
being rather given to driving about the country;  
but he had not been found so ready to pay. The  
captain possessed a sailor's proverbial careles-  
sness with regard to money; it was not so much  
that he ran wildly into expense, as that he  
ran heedlessly into it; it never occurred to the  
captain when he ordered the fly for an hour or  
two's recreation, and would send himself in  
state in it, his legs up on the seat before him,  
his stick in his hand, and one of his daughters  
by his side, that the time of settling must  
come. Very pleasant and sociable would he be  
with the driver, for there lived not a pleasanter  
man, when he pleased, than Captain Chesney,  
and the driver would lean down from his box,  
and touch his hat, and tell about this place  
they were passing, and the other place. But  
the time of settling had come, was long past;  
a deal of money was owing to the man, and he  
could not get it.

"Captain Chesney is ill, he cannot be seen,"  
began Laura; "can you not take your an-  
swer?"

"I've took too many such answers, miss,"  
replied the applicant. "Here I come, day  
after day, and week after week, and there's  
always a excuse ready. 'The captain's out,'  
or 'the captain



hear, after you have been to Mrs. Newberry's."

She touched the spring by which the gate was opened, a spring unknown to troublesome customers, and Mr. Carlyon entered. He held out his arm to assist her to the house.

"No, Laura," she whispered, with a rosy blush; "Jane is at the window."

"So much the better, my dearest. Yes, Laura, I will have you take it," he added, placing her hand within his arm. "You told me you preferred your becoming accustomed to it by degrees, to my speaking outright to Captain Chesney; but, Laura, I promise you one thing, that I very soon shall speak out, for before a month shall have down over our heads, you shall be my wife."

Jane and Lucy were looking on to the lawn, and they saw their sister advance, leaning on the arm of Mr. Carlyon. Jane's face expressed the astonished disapprobation, and even the little girl was conscious that—according to the notions of the family—it ought not to have been.

"Jane, do you see Laura?"

"Laura is thoughtful, my dear, and forgets herself."

Mr. Carlyon went up stairs to Captain Chesney. He looked into the drawing-room as he came down to greet Miss Chesney. She and Laura were alone in it, for Lucy had disappeared. Jane returned his salutation very coldly.

"You have made but a short visit to papa, Mr. Carlyon," she then remarked.

"I am coming in again after I have seen a patient higher up the Rise. What an unfavorable day it has been, has it not, Miss Chesney?"

"Yes, it has. Do you know whether the inclement is over?"

"Just over. And that is why my visit to Captain Chesney is so late this evening. They had me before them three or four times."

"What is the verdict, Mr. Carlyon?" asked Laura; and the reader may remark that while she had called him by his Christian name, and spoken familiarly when they were alone, she was formal enough with him now, in the presence of her sister. Decent! decent! it never yet brought forth good fruit.

"Nothing satisfactory, Miss Laura," he replied. "That the cause of death was poison, but how it got into the draught there was no evidence to show."

"What should you have called 'satisfactory'?" asked Miss Chesney.

"When I say unsatisfactory, I mean that it still rests in uncertainty."

"Do you suspect any one, Mr. Carlyon?" inquired Laura again.

"Not of wilfully causing the death; but of course I have my own opinion."

"That it occurred through the careless mistake of Mr. Stephen Grey?"

He nodded his head.

"But it is only here, in private, that I would express it; it is a disgraceful office for one medical man to cry down another."

"I do not see that there can be the slightest shade of doubt upon the point," remarked Miss Chesney. "The medicine was taken straight from his house to the sick room, therefore, how else could it have got in? And your having smelt the poison when it was brought in, is a sure proof that it must have been in. Has anything come out about the poor young lady's connections, or who she was?"

"Not anything," replied Mr. Carlyon. "They cannot even discover her Christian name."

"And have you not found out who it was who recommended her to you?" proceeded Laura.

"Not as yet. I have written to some of my London friends, inquiring if they did so. But, you see, there is great uncertainty in every way, for we are not even sure that she did come here from London."

Laura resumed.

"She was beautiful, was she not, Mr. Carlyon?"

The surgeon paused ere he replied.

"In health, and up and dressed, she may have been very good-looking; but I did not see her dressed, you know."

He bade them farewell for the present as he spoke, and departed to pay the visit he had mentioned. Miss Chesney immediately took her sister to task.

"Laura, could it be, that I saw you approach the house, on the arm of Mr. Carlyon?"

Laura Chesney was standing at the window, watching the surgeon's receding form, her face turned from Jane. A good thing it was so, for the red hue overspread it and dyed it to its brow.

"It was not seemly, Laura. Mr. Carlyon is but a surgeon—a man, so far as we know, without connections—and you are a Chesney."

"What connections," spoke up Laura, "and smug connections, do you mean?"

"Laura, dear, we are, as may be said, of the same caste, and we may not lose caste."

"I think we lose caste, as it is, with these wretched, paltry debts hanging over us," exclaimed Laura, in a petulant tone. "They degrade us pretty well."

"You mistake, Laura; you look at things in the wrong light, if you intended that as a refutation of my argument. In one sense of the word the debts degrade us, because there is always a degradation attaching to these petty debts; but they cannot, for one moment, sully our caste, they cannot touch upon our good birth or tarnish it. What did the fly-driver say?"

"He insists upon the money being paid between now and twelve o'clock on Saturday; failing it then, he will proceed against papa publicly. Jane, I am sure the man will do what he said; he was not loud or angry, not even unkind, but he was resolute."

"And how is it to be got?" moaned Jane, leaning her head upon her hand. "I would almost sell myself," she added, with a burst of feeling, "rather than worry papa with these annoyances. Oh, if I could but take this trouble more effectually of him!"

"Papa can battle with these things better than you, Jane. And it is more fit that he should."

"It is not more fit," retorted Jane Chesney. "He is my dear, dear father, and I ask no better than to devote my life to wanting of care from him."

"Would you wish no better?" asked Laura, in a low, wondering tone, as she thought of the bliss presented for her future—the passing her whole life with Mr. Carlyon.

"Nor wish better. There are other petty cares coming upon us, Laura," added Miss Chesney, in a different tone. "Rhode has been giving me warning to leave."

"Rhode has? What for?" quickly asked Laura.

"To 'better herself,' she said. I suspect the true motive is, that she is tired of the place. There is a great deal to do; and people coming to ask for money continually, puts her out of temper. I told her she might go when I could procure a fresh servant. I do not like to keep dissatisfied people in the house."

At this moment Lucy ran in.

"Jane, here's a young woman wants to see you."

"Another creditor," thought Jane, with a sinking heart. "Is it the woman from the fruit shop, Lucy?"

"Oh, no; it's a young woman come about the place, Rhode said, if you'd please to see her. Rhode has taken her into the kitchen."

"A young woman come about the place?" echoed Miss Chesney. "I do not understand it. It is not an hour since she told me she must leave. Ring the bell, Lucy."

Rhode came in. Miss Chesney spoke to her with quiet dignity.

"Miss Lucy tells me there is a young woman come after the situation; it is but now you informed me of your wish to leave. How did the news get abroad?"

Rhode turned red, but she put on a defiant look, as if she could be insolent, if she saw fit.

"I have made up my mind to it some days, Miss Chesney, and I dare say I may have spoken of it abroad. The young woman says Mrs. Fitch, of the Lion, told her of the place."

"Show the young woman into the dining room," said Miss Chesney.

"Mind, Jane," said the child, as her eldest sister was proceeding to the dining-room, "don't you engage her if she is cross and disagreeable, like Rhode."

"The servants have little to do with you, Lucy, so it cannot matter much as far as your comfort is concerned."

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Chesney; "I never heard of such a thing; a servant to come straight from a woman's request to see about a situation?"

"I have come from it now, ma'am," quietly replied Judith. "Though I had known the young lady but three or four days, I had found to love her, and since she died I'm sure I have hardly taken food. I couldn't have stood without hearing the evidence; and I'm very glad I did hear it," emphatically added Judith.

"And, for all I know, I might have been called upon to give evidence, too, as I had been with the lady; so it was as well, to be sure, to be on the spot. My being at the inquest will not make me the less good servant, ma'am," said Judith, with a smile.

Miss Chesney could not avoid returning her smile. And, dropping the subject of the death, she proceeded to converse further with Judith respecting the business which brought her there.

It was dark, or nearly so, when Judith left. She was not engaged, but Miss Chesney had promised to engage her, provided her character suited. As Miss Chesney entered the drawing-room quietly, for she was in deep thought, a choking sensation of pain, of dread, came rushing over her, for she fancied she saw her sister's face lifted from the bosom of Mr. Carlyon. She must have been deceived, she repeated to herself in the next moment; yes, she must have been deceived.

But he was certainly standing there; they were standing together in the slight rays of light that came in at the window. Jane Chesney's eyes appeared to open to much that had hitherto been obscure—to Laura's anxiety of late to be well dressed, to the beaming look of radiant happiness which had taken possession of her face, to her unaccountable restlessness when they were expecting Mr. Carlyon; was it all caused by her love of him?

"Why are you in the dark, Laura?" she sharply said, crossing the room to ring the bell. "And where is Lucy?"

"Lucy is with papa, Jane. He called for you, and she went to tell him that you were engaged. Will the person suit?"

"It is a future consideration," retorted Jane, scarcely able to conceal her keen vexation.

"How long have you returned, Mr. Carlyon?"

"Long enough to talk secrets to Laura," he laughingly replied, in a bold spirit. "And now I must go up to Captain Chesney."

He met the black servant carrying the lamp in, as he quitted the room. The man turned to close the shutters; he was getting quite an old man now, and had been Captain Chesney's servant for many years.

"Let the shutters be, for the present, Pompey," said his mistress. "Come in again by-and-by. Laura, what is this?" she impatiently added, when the man left the room.

Laura Chesney stayed at the window, dark as it was, apparently looking out; she was not going to be the one to enlighten her sister.

"What is what?" she asked.

"What did Mr. Carlyon mean—that he had been talking secrets to you? And he presumptuously spoke of you by your Christian name?"

"It was a foolish remark, Jane."

"Laura—I thought—I saw you—leaning upon him," whispered Jane, as if the subject were shocking her.

"You are fanciful," returned the younger sister. "You always were."

Jane Chesney felt that the words were uttered in subterfuge.

"Oh, Laura!" she exclaimed, in agitation, "I have heard of young ladies allowing themselves to be on close, familiar terms with men, receiving homage from them, in their vanity; but I did not suppose such could penetrate to our home. Surely you have not permitted your-self to acquire a liking for Lewis Carlyon?"

Laura was silent.

"Laura," she continued in a sharp, rising tone of pain, "do you like him? Oh take care what you are about; you know you could never marry Mr. Carlyon."

"I do not tell you that I like him," faltered Laura; "but why could I not marry him?"

"You! the daughter of Captain Chesney marry a common surgeon? the niece of—"

"There, don't go on, Jane. I don't see what good my being nice to those grand people does me. Does it bring plenty to our home? does it bring us the amusement and society we have a right to expect? Jane! there are times when I feel tempted to go and be as Charles has done."

"It would be far better for you than marrying Mr. Carlyon," returned Jane, in a hushed voice. "Were he our equal, he would not do for you."

"Why?"

"I don't know how it is that I have taken such a dislike to him," proceeded Jane, in a dreamy tone. "Laura, I cannot bear Mr. Carlyon; it seems to me that I would rather see you in your grave than united to him."

"But I ask you why?"

"I cannot explain it. For one thing—but I will not speak of that. You have accused me, before now, of taking prejudices; I have taken one against him. I pray you, think no more of Mr. Carlyon."

Jane ceased. She reached her work-basket, and was taking from it some useful work, when Captain Chesney's stick was heard, violently rapping, and Lucy came flying down the stairs.

"Oh Jane," she exclaimed, "Lady Oakburn's dead!"

Jane dropped her work, and Laura started round from the window.

"Poor thing!" exclaimed Jane; "but she was old and ailing, so it may be a happy release."

"Lady Oakburn, I said, Jane," continued Lucy, in the same excitement. "The young Lady Oakburn, not our aunt, the dowager. And there's a little baby dead, with her."

Again came the stick, worse than before, and Jane, followed by her sisters, ran up stairs. Captain Chesney was on the sofa, in excitement little inferior to Lucy's, and Mr. Carlyon was seated at the table, evidently at a loss to understand the cause of the tumult. The captain brought down his stick on the table after his own fashion.

"Take up that newspaper, Jane, and see what it is that Lucy has stumbled upon in the death."

The newspaper was one which Mr. Carlyon had left with Captain Chesney at his earlier visit that evening, but which the captain had not yet looked at. Lucy's eyes had fallen on its death-column, as she stood by the table, while her father talked to the surgeon. Jane now searched and read in the fifth:

"On the 12th instant, in South Audley street, the Countess of Oakburn of a daughter."

Then in the deaths:

"On the 14th instant, in South Audley street, aged twenty-one, Maria, the beloved wife of the Earl of Oakburn."

"On the 14th instant, in South Audley street, the infant child of the Earl of Oakburn."

Jane's voice ceased, and the captain brought his stick down on the floor with one melancholy thump, like the staff of Uncle Toby in his colloquy with Corporal Trim.

"Gone!" uttered he; "the young wife gone before the old grandmother!"

"Did you know the parties, sir?" asked Mr. Carlyon.

"Know them, sir?" returned the choleric captain, angry at having, what he deemed, so foolish a question put to him. "I ought to, for they are my blood relations."

"I was not aware of it," returned the surgeon.

"No, sir, perhaps you were not aware of it, but it is true, for all that. My father, sir, was the Honorable Frank Chesney, the second son of the tenth Earl of Oakburn; and the late earl, eleventh in succession, and father of the present earl, was my own cousin. It's a shame that it should be true," continued the captain, his stick noisily enforcing every other word, "a shame that I should be so near the postage of England, and yet be a poor half-pay navy captain! Merit goes for nothing in this world, and relationship goes for less; if the late earl had chosen to exert himself, I should have been an admiral long ago. There have been Admiral Chesneys who distinguished themselves in their day, and perhaps I should have made no exception," he concluded, with a most violent accession of the stick accompanying.

"They named the little child 'Clarice,' you see, papa," observed Jane.

"As if the old dowager would let them name her anything else!" cried the captain.

"You don't know the Dowager Countess of Oakburn, probably, Mr. Carlyon; the present earl's grandmother?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"You have no loss. She is his grandmother, and my aunt; and of all the pigheaded, selfish, opinionated old women, she's the worst. When Jane was born—nursing to his daughter—she says to me, 'You'll name her Charles, Frank.' 'No, I won't,' I said, 'I shall call her by her mother's name—which was Jane. The same thing over again when Laura was born. You'll name her Charles, Frank, and I'll stand Godmother.' 'No, I won't,' I said, 'I shall name her after my sister Laura'—who had died. And then she and I had a lasting quarrel. Her own name, Clarice, you see. Yes! I am as near as that to the great Oakburns (who are poor as church mice for their rank, all the whole lot) and I'm a half-pay captain, hard up for a shilling!"

"Are there many between you and the title, sir?" asked Mr. Carlyon.

"There's not one between me and the title; if the earl should die without children, I am Earl of Oakburn. What of that? He is a young man and I am an old one. He'll soon be marrying again, and getting direct heirs about him."

"I think if I were as near the British peerage as that, I should be speculating upon reaching it," laughed Mr. Carlyon.

"And prove yourself a fool for your pains," retorted the blunt sailor. "No; it's bad enough, looking after old men's dead shoes, but it's worse, looking after young ones! I thank goodness I have not been idiot enough for that; I never, sir, never allowed myself to glance at the possibility of becoming Earl of Oakburn. There was also another heir before me, the young earl's brother, Arthur Chesney, but he died; got into a boating row at Cambridge a year or two back, and was drowned. Jane, you must see to the mourning."

Jane's heart sank with dismay at the prospect of the unexpected cost.

"Need we go to the expense, papa?" faltered she.

"Need we go to the expense!" roared the captain, his tongue and his stick going together, "what do you mean? You'd let the young countess go into her grave, and not put on mourning for her? You are out of your senses, Miss Chesney."

In the dark hall, as he was going away, Mr. Carlyon found himself in contact with Laura. He strained her to his heart.

"My darling! my promised wife!" he softly breathed. "If they should deny you to me, I will steal you from them."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hope is the last thing that dies in man, and though it be exceedingly deceitful, yet it is of this good use to us, that while we are travelling through life it conducts us in an easier and more pleasant way to our journey's end.—*Recherches.*

Humboldt said, ten years ago, "Governments, religion, property, books, are nothing but the scaffolding to educate man. Earth holds up to her master no fruit but the finished man."

Balwer says that "death often changes aversion into love." Certainly it does; we may have an antipathy to sheep and swine, and yet love mutton and pork.

An eccentric old gentleman, being waited upon by his surgeon's bill, cogitated some time over its contents, and then desired the man who called with it to tell his master that the medicine he would certainly pay for; but as for the visits, he should return them.

Did the man who ploughed the sea, and afterwards planted his feet on his native soil, ever harvest the crops?

A Lady's Invitation to a Walk—Circumambulate.

A young widow has established a pistol-gallery in New Orleans. Her qualifications as a teacher of the art of duelling are of course undoubted; she has killed her man.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1860

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

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Twenty " (and one paper to get up of Club) 20.00

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

"THE FRIENDS."

Three works have recently been published in England, bearing upon the question of the decline of Quakerism. They are thus briefly noticed in the *London Athenaeum*:—

*Quakerism, Past and Present; being an Inquiry into the Causes of its Decline in Great Britain and Ireland.* By J. S. Houttner. The *Penninean*, an *Editorial* to throw light on some of the *Causes of the Decline of the Society of Friends*. By Thomas Hancock. (Smith, Elder & Co.—A Fallen Faith; being a Historical, Religious, and Social-Political Sketch of the Society of Friends. By Edgar Stephenson, M. D.—(Piper & Co.)—These works carry on the discussion on the causes which have attenuated and enfeebled the Society of Friends. The first and second were written as prize essays, and were rewarded, the one by a hundred, and the other by fifty guineas, from the purse of a private gentleman. Mr. Rountree speaks of social isolation, quietism, dress, language, and marriage rules as principles of decay. The regulations concerning mixed marriages, the first drawn thousands from the fold. Mr. Hancock treats of "the idea of Quakerism," of schism among the Friends, of discipline, of conduct, and of the want of harmony between Qu







# "THE ROCHESTER KNOCKINGS."

Notwithstanding all that has been said about the "Rochester Knockings," we do not remember to have ever met with a full and accurate account of the origin of this singular fact or delusion—whichever it may be—until we met with it in Mr. Owen's book. We quote, therefore, the following account from the "FOOTBALLS OF THE BOURBON OF ANOTHER WORLD."

## THE HYDEVILLE DWELLING-HOUSE

Disturbances in Western New York in 1848.

There stands, not far from the town of Newark, in the county of Wayne and State of New York, a wooden dwelling, one of a cluster of small houses like itself, scarcely meriting the title of a village, but known under the name of Hydeville; being so called after Dr. Hyde, an old settler, whose son is the proprietor of the house in question. It is a story and a half high, fronting south; the lower floor consisting, in 1848, of two moderate-sized rooms, opening into each other; east of these a bedroom, opening into the sitting room; and a buttry, opening into the same room; together with a hallway, (between the bedroom and buttry,) leading from the sitting-room up to the half-story above, and from the buttry down to the cellar.

This humble dwelling had been selected as a temporary residence, during the erection of another house in the country, by Mr. John D. Fox.

The Fox family were reputable farmers, members of the Methodist Church in good standing, and much respected by their neighbors as honest, upright people. Mr. Fox's ancestors were Germans, the name being originally Van; but both he and Mrs. Fox were native born. In Mrs. Fox's family, French by origin and Dutch by name, several individuals had evinced the power of second-sight, her maternal grandmother, whose maiden name was Margaret Ackerman, and who resided at Long Island, among the number. She had, frequently, perceptions of funerals before they occurred, and was wont to follow these phantom processions to the grave as if they were material.

Mrs. Fox's sister also, Mrs. Elizabeth Higgins, had similar power. On one occasion, in the year 1823, the two sisters, then residing in New York, proposed to go to Sedus by canal. But Elizabeth said, one morning, "Why so?" her sister asked. "Because I dreamed last night that we travelled by land, and there was a strange lady with us. In my dream, too, I thought we came to Mott's tavern in the beach woods, and that they could not admit us, because Mrs. Mott lay dying in the house. I know it will all come true." "Very unlikely, indeed," replied her sister; "for last year, when we passed there, Mr. Mott's wife lay dead in the house." "You will see. He must have married again; and he will lose his second wife." Every particular came to pass as Mrs. Higgins had predicted. Mrs. Johnson, a stranger, whom at the time of the dream they had not seen, did go with them, they made the journey by land, and were refused admittance into Mott's tavern, for the very cause assigned in Mrs. Higgins's dream.

Mr. and Mrs. Fox had six children, of whom the two youngest were staying with them when, on the 11th of December, 1847, they removed into the house I have described. The children were both girls; Margaret, then 12 years old, and Kate, 9.

Soon after they had taken up their residence in the dwelling referred to, they began to think it was a very noisy house; but this was attributed to rats and mice. During the next month, however, (January, 1848,) the noise began to assume the character of slight knockings heard at night in the bedroom; sometimes appearing to sound from the cellar beneath. At first Mrs. Fox sought to persuade herself this might be but the hammering of a shoemaker, in a house hard by, sitting up late at work. But further observation showed that the sounds, whenever proceeding, originated in the house. For not only did the knockings gradually become more distinct, and not only were they heard first in one part of the house, then in another, but the family finally remarked that these raps, even when not very loud, often caused a motion, tremulous rather than a sudden jar, of the beds and chairs—sometimes of the floor; a motion which was quite perceptible to the touch when a hand was laid on the chairs, which was sometimes sensibly felt at night in the slightly oscillating motion of the bed, and which was occasionally perceived as a sort of vibration even when standing on the floor.

After a time, also, the noises varied in their character, sounding occasionally like distinct footfalls in the different rooms.

Nor were the disturbances, after a month or two had passed, confined to sounds. Once something heavy, as if a dog, seemed to lie on the feet of the children; but it was gone before the mother could come to their aid. Another time (this was late in March) Kate felt as if a cold hand were on her face. Occasionally, too, the bedclothes were pulled during the night. Finally chairs were moved from their places. So, on one occasion, was the dining-table.

The disturbances, which had been limited to occasional knockings throughout February and the early part of March, gradually increased, toward the close of the latter month, in loudness and frequency, so seriously as to break the rest of the family. Mr. Fox and his wife got up night after night, in a candle, and thoroughly searched every nook and corner of the house; but without any result. They discovered nothing. When the raps came on the door, Mr. Fox would stand, ready to open, the moment they were repeated. But this expedient, too, proved unavailing. Though he opened the door on the instant, there was no one to be seen. Nor did he or Mrs. Fox ever obtain the slightest clue to the cause of these disturbances.

The only circumstance which seemed to suggest the possibility of trickery or of mistake was, that these various unexplained occurrences never happened in daylight.

And thus, notwithstanding the strangeness of the thing, when morning came they began

to think it must have been but the fancy of the night. Not being given to superstition, they clung, throughout several weeks of annoyance, to the idea that some natural explanation of these evening accidents would at last appear. Nor did they abandon this hope till the night of Friday, the 31st of March, 1848.

The day had been cold and stormy, with snow on the ground. In the course of the afternoon, a son, David, came to visit them from his farm, about three miles distant. His mother then first recounted to him the particulars of the annoyances they had endured; for till now they had been little disposed to communicate these to any one. He heard her with a smile. "Well, mother," he said, "I advise you not to say a word to the neighbors about it. When you find it out, it will be one of the simplest things in the world." And in that belief he returned home.

Wearied out by a succession of sleepless nights, and of fruitless attempts to penetrate the mystery, the Fox family retired on that Friday evening very early to rest, hoping for a respite from the disturbances that harassed them. But they were doomed to disappointment.

The parents had had the children's beds removed into their bedroom, and strictly enjoined them not to talk of noises even if they heard them. But scarcely had the mother seen them safely in bed, and was retiring to rest herself, when the children cried out, "Here they are again!" The mother chid them, and lay down. Thereupon the noises became louder and more startling. The children sat up in bed. Mrs. Fox called in her husband. The night being windy, it suggested itself to him that it might be the rattling of the shades. He tried several, shaking them to see if they were loose. Kate, the youngest girl, happened to remark that as often as her father shook a window-shade the noises seemed to reply. Being a lively child, and in a measure accustomed to what was going on, she turned to where the noise was, snapped her fingers, and called out, "Here, old Splitfoot, do as I do!" The knockings instantly responded.

That was the very commencement. Who can tell where the end may be?

I do not mean it was Kate Fox who thus, half in childish jest, first discovered that these mysterious sounds seemed instinct with intelligence. Mr. Mompesson, two hundred years ago, had already observed a similar phenomenon. Glanville had verified it. So had Wesley and his children. So, we have seen, had others. But in all these cases the matter rested there, and the observation was no further prosecuted. As, previous to the invention of the steam engine, sundry observers had trodden the very threshold of the discovery and there stopped, little thinking what lay close before them, so, in this case, where the Royal Chaplain, disciple though he was of the inductive philosophy, and where the founder of Methodism, admitting though he did the probabilities of ultramundane interference, were both at fault, a Yankee girl, but nine years old, following up, more in sport than earnest, a chance observation, became the instigator of a movement which, whatever its true character, has had its influence throughout the civilized world. The spark had several times been ignited,—once, at least, two centuries ago; but it had died out each time without effect. It kindled no flame till the middle of the nineteenth century.

And yet how trifling the step from the observation at Tedworth to the discovery at Hydeville! Mr. Mompesson, in bed with his little daughter, (about Kate's age,) whom the sound seemed chiefly to follow, "observed that it would exactly answer, in drumming, anything that was beaten or called for." But his curiosity led him no further.

Not so Kate Fox. She tried, by silently bringing together her thumb and forefinger, whether she could still obtain a response. Yes! It could see, then, as well as hear! She called her mother. "Only look, mother!" she said, bringing together her finger and thumb as before. And as often as she repeated the noiseless motion, just so often responded the raps.

This at once arrested her mother's attention. "Count ten," she said, addressing the noises. Ten strokes, distinctly given! "How old is my daughter Margaret?" Twelve strokes! "And Kate?" Nine! "What can all this mean?" was Mrs. Fox's thought. Who was answering her? Was it only some mysterious echo of her own thought? But the next question which she put seemed to refute that idea. "How many children have I?" she asked, aloud. Seven strokes. "Ah!" she thought, "it can hinder sometimes." And then, aloud, "Try again!" Still the number of raps was seven. Of a sudden a thought crossed Mrs. Fox's mind. "Are they all alive?" she asked. Silence, for answer. "How many are living?" Six strokes. "How many dead?" A single stroke. She had lost a child.

Then she asked, "Are you a man?" No answer. "Are you a spirit?" It rapped. "May my neighbors hear if I call them?" It rapped again.

Thereupon she asked her husband to call a neighbor, a Mrs. Redfield, who came in laughing. But her cheer was soon changed. The answers to her inquiries were as prompt and pertinent as they had been to those of Mrs. Fox. She was struck with awe; and when, in reply to a question about the number of her children, by rapping four, instead of three as she expected, it reminded her of a little daughter, Mary, whom she had recently lost, the mother burst into tears.

But it avails not further to follow out in minute detail the issue of these disturbances, since the particulars have already been given, partly in the shape of formal depositions, in more than one publication,\* and since they are

\* The earliest of these, published in Canadaigua only three weeks after the occurrence of the 31st of March, is a pamphlet of forty pages, entitled "A Report of the Mysterious Noises heard in the House of Mr. John D. Fox, in Hydeville, Arcadia, Wayne county, authenticated by the certificates and confirmed by the statements of the citizens of that place and vicinity." Canadaigua, published by E. E. Lewis, 1848. It contains twenty-one certificates, chiefly given by the immediate neighbors, including those of Mr. and Mrs. Fox, of their son and daughter-in-law, of Mrs. Redfield, &c., &c., taken chiefly on the 11th and 12th of

not essential to the illustration of this branch of the subject.

It may, however, be satisfactory to the reader that I here subjoin to the above narrative—every particular of which I had from Mr. Fox, her daughters Margaret and Kate, and her son David—a supplement, containing a brief outline as well of the events which immediately succeeded, as those, connected with the dwelling in question, which preceded, the disturbances of the 31st of March.

On that night, the neighbors, attracted by the rumor of the disturbances, gradually gathered in, to the number of seventy or eighty, so that Mrs. Fox left the house for that of Mrs. Redfield, while the children were taken home by another neighbor. Mr. Fox remained.

Many of the assembled crowd, one after another, put questions to the noises, requesting that assent might be testified by rapping. When there was no response by raps, and the question was reversed, there were always rappings; thus indicating that silence was to be taken for dissent.

In this way the sounds alleged that they were produced by a spirit; by an injured spirit; by a spirit who had been injured in that house; between four and five years ago; not by any of the neighbors, whose names were called over one by one, but by a man who formerly resided in the house—a certain John C. Bell, a blacksmith. His name was obtained by naming in succession the former occupants of the house.

The noises alleged, further, that it was the spirit of a man thirty years of age; that he had been murdered in the bedroom, for money, on a Tuesday night, at twelve o'clock; that no one but the murdered man and Mr. Bell were in the house at the time; Mrs. Bell and a girl named Lucretia Pulver, who worked for them, being both absent; that the body was carried down to the cellar early next morning, not through the outside cellar-door, but by being dragged through the parlor into the buttry, and thence down the cellar stairs; that it was buried, ten feet deep, in the cellar, but not until the night after the murder.

Thereupon the party assembled adjourned to the cellar, which had an earthen floor; and Mr. Redfield having placed himself on various parts of it, asking, each time, if that was the spot of burial, there was no response until he stood in the centre; then the noises were heard, as from beneath the ground. This was repeated several times, always with a similar result, no sound occurring when he stood at any other place than the centre. One of the witnesses describes the sounds in the cellar as resembling "a thumping a foot or two under ground."

Then a neighbor named Duesler called over the letters of the alphabet, asking, at each, if that was the initial of the murdered man's first name; and so of the second name. The sounds responded at C and B. An attempt to obtain the entire name did not then succeed. At a later period, the full name (as Charles B. Rosma) was given in the same way in reply to the questions of Mr. David Fox. Still it did not suggest itself to any one to attempt, by the raps, to have a communication spelled out. It is a remarkable fact, and one which in a measure explains the lack of further results at Tedworth and at Epworth, that it was not till about four months afterward, and at Rochester, that the very first brief communication by raps was obtained; the suggestion being Isaac Post, a member of the Society of Friends, and an old acquaintance of the Fox family.

The report of the night's wonders at Hydeville spread all over the neighborhood; and next day, Saturday, the house was beset by a crowd of the curious. But while daylight lasted there were no noises. These re-commenced before seven o'clock in the evening. That night there were some three hundred people in and about the house. Various persons asked questions; and the replies corresponded at every point to those formerly given.

Then it was proposed to dig in the cellar; but, as the house stands on a flat plain not far from a small sluggish stream, the diggers

\* Report of the Mysterious Noises, p. 25. See also p. 17.

Mr. Marvin Loney and Mr. David Fox date, in their respective certificates, that on the night of Saturday, April 1, when the crowd were asking questions, it was arranged that those in the cellar should all stand in one place, except one, Mr. Carlos Hyde, while that one moved about to different spots, and that Mr. Duesler, being in the bedroom above, where of course he could not see Mr. Hyde nor any one else in the cellar, should be the questioner. Then as Mr. Hyde stepped about in the cellar, the question was repeated by Mr. Duesler in the bedroom. "Is any one standing over the place where the body was buried?" In every instance, as soon as Mr. Hyde stepped to the centre of the cellar the raps were heard, so that both those in the cellar and those in the rooms above heard them; but as often as he stood anywhere else there was silence. This was repeated, again and again.

\* Report of the Mysterious Noises, pp. 26 and 28.

The next day, however, Sunday, April 2, this was reversed. The noises responded throughout the day, but ceased in the evening, and were not obtained throughout the night.—Report of the Mysterious Noises, p. 9.

\* Report of the Mysterious Noises, p. 15.

April. For a copy of the above pamphlet, now very scarce, I am indebted to the family of Mr. Fox, whom I visited in August, 1859, at the house of the son, Mr. John D. Fox, when I had an opportunity to visit the small dwelling in which the above-related circumstances took place, descending to its cellar, the alleged scene of dark deeds. The house is now occupied by a farm-laborer, who, Paraday-like, "does not believe in spirits."

A more connected account, followed up by a history of the movement which had birth at Hydeville, is to be found in "Modern Spiritualism: its Facts and Fallacies," by E. W. Capron, Boston, 1855, pp. 35 to 56.

Most of the witnesses signing the certificates above referred to offer to confirm their statements, if necessary, under oath, and they almost all expressly declare their conviction that the family had no agency in producing the sounds, that these were not referable to trick or deception or to any known natural cause, usually adding that they were so believers in the supernatural, and had never before heard or witnessed anything not susceptible of a natural explanation.

reached water at the depth of less than three feet, and had to abandon the attempt. It was renewed on Monday the 3rd of April, and again the next day, by Mr. David Fox and others, bailing and pumping out the water; but they could not reduce it much, and had to give up."

At a later period, when the water had much lowered, to wit, in the summer of 1848, Mr. David Fox, aided by Messrs. Henry Bush and Lyman Granger, of Rochester, and others, recommenced digging in the cellar. At the depth of five feet they came to a plank, through which they bored with an auger, when, the auger-bit being loose, it dropped through out of sight. Digging farther, they found several pieces of crockery and some charcoal and quicklime, indicating that the soil must at some time have been disturbed to a considerable depth; and finally they came upon some human hair and several bones, which, on examination by a medical man skilled in anatomy, proved to be portions of a human skeleton, including two bones of the hand and certain parts of the skull; but no connected skull was found.

It remains briefly to trace the antecedents of the disturbed dwelling.

William Duesler, one of those who gave certificates touching this matter, and who offers to confirm his testimony under oath, states that he inhabited the same house seven years before, and that during the term of his residence there, he never heard any noise of the kind in or about the premises. He adds that a Mr. Johnson, and others, who, like himself, had lived there before Mr. Bell occupied the dwelling, make the same statement.

Mrs. Pulver, a near neighbor, states that, having called one morning on Mrs. Bell while she occupied the house, she (Mrs. B.) told her she felt very ill, not having slept at all during the previous night; and, on being asked what the matter was, Mrs. Bell said she had thought she heard some one walking about from one room to another. Mrs. Pulver further deposes that she heard Mrs. Bell, on subsequent occasions, speak of noises which she could not account for.

The daughter of this deponent, Lucretia Pulver, states that she lived with Mr. and Mrs. Bell during part of the time they occupied the house, namely, for three months during the winter of 1843-44, sometimes working for them, sometimes boarding with them, and going to school, she being then fifteen years old. She says Mr. and Mrs. Bell "appeared to be very good folks, only rather quick-tempered."

She states that, during the latter part of her residence with them, one afternoon about two o'clock, a peddler, on foot, apparently about thirty years of age, wearing a black frock-coat and light-colored pantaloons, and having with him a trunk and a basket, called at Mr. Bell's. Mrs. Bell informed her she had known him formerly.—Shortly after he came in, Mr. and Mrs. Bell consulted together for nearly half an hour in the buttry. Then Mrs. Bell told her—very unexpectedly to her—that they did not require her any more; that she (Mrs. B.) was going that afternoon to Lock Berlin, and that she (Lucretia) had better return home, as they thought they could not afford to keep her longer. Accordingly Mrs. Bell and Lucretia left the house, the peddler and Mr. Bell remaining. Before she went, however, Lucretia looked at a piece of delaine, and told the peddler she would take a dress off it, if he would call the next day at her father's house, hard by, which he promised to do, but he never came. Three days afterward, Mrs. Bell returned, and, to Lucretia's surprise, Mrs. Bell sent her again to stay with them.

A few days after this, Lucretia began to hear knockings in the bedroom—afterward occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Fox—where she slept. The sounds seemed to be under the foot of the bed, and were repeated during a number of nights. One night, when Mr. and Mrs. Bell had gone to Lock Berlin, and she had remained in the house with her little brother and a daughter of Mr. Loney, named Amelia, they heard, about twelve o'clock, what seemed to be the footsteps of a man walking in the buttry. They had not gone to bed till eleven, and had not yet fallen asleep. It sounded as if some one crossed the buttry, then went down the cellar stairs, then walked part of the way across the cellar, and stopped. The girls were greatly frightened, got up, and fastened doors and windows.

About a week after this, Lucretia, having occasion to go down into the cellar, screamed out. Mrs. Bell asked what was the matter. Lucretia exclaimed, "What has Mr. Bell been doing in the cellar?" She had sunk in the soft soil and fallen. Mrs. Bell replied that it was only rat-holes. A few days afterward, at nightfall, Mr. Bell carried some earth into the cellar, and was at work there some time. Mrs. Bell said he was filling up the rat-holes.

Mr. and Mrs. Weekman depose that they occupied the house in question, after Mr. Bell left it, during eighteen months, namely, from the spring of 1846 till the autumn of 1847.

About March, 1847, one night, as they were going to bed, they heard knockings on the outside door; but when they opened there was no one there. This was repeated, till Mr. Weekman lost patience; and, after searching all round the house, he resolved, if possible, to detect these disturbers of his peace. Accordingly, he stood with his hand on the door, ready to open it at the instant the knocking was repeated. It was repeated, so that he felt the door jar under his hand; but, though he sprang out instantly and searched all round the house, he found not a trace of any intruder.

They were frequently afterward disturbed by strange and unaccountable noises. One night, Mrs. Weekman heard what seemed the footsteps of some one walking in the cellar. Another night one of her little girls, eight years old, screamed out, so as to wake every one in the house. She said something cold had been moving over her head and face; and

\* Ibid, p. 29.

\* "Modern Spiritualism," p. 33. Mr. David Fox, during his visit to him, confirmed to me the truth of this.

\* Report of the Mysterious Noises, p. 16.

\* Ibid, pp. 37, 38.

\* Report of the Mysterious Noises, pp. 35, 36, 37. I have added a few minor particulars, related by Lucretia to Mrs. Fox.

## SNORING AND ITS CURE.

Rev. Mr. Casalet's theory of the causation of snoring, is ingenious, and, from the success of his remedial measures in our own hands, would seem to be correct. He writes "Snoring is caused in this manner:—The individual, as he falls off into settled repose, leaving his mouth open, inhales spasmodically through the nostrils; this produces a compression of the muscles of the soft palate and the back of the mouth; the air rushing along the passage of the nostrils through the contracted space, is vibrated into sound, which escapes at the mouth and partially through the nostrils, each act of inhalation having the effect of producing the muscular contraction; this power of contraction, which exists only when the mouth is kept open, is entirely involuntary, and hence the individual snorer is utterly unconscious of the fearful and unearthly sounds he is making."

The above being the explanation of the act of snoring, the obvious remedy is to give to the individual who thus makes night hideous for those near him, the habit of sleeping with the mouth closed. Difficulties, of course, environ this object. Mr. Casalet mentions the habit of keeping the mouth closed "during the ordinary avocations of life," as conducing to a command over the action of the mouth. The position of the sleeper's head is also of no little importance. It should be as far as possible removed from that which would form an obtuse angle of the head with the neck. The author remarks, "the power of snoring, if I may so term it," diminishes "as the chin is brought gradually nearer to the chest."

If the mouth could be kept closed during sleep, or if the habit of closing it be acquired and maintained with difficulty, Mr. Casalet recommends the use of what he terms the "Night Respirator"—a very simple arrangement, and one by which the purpose in view is effectually secured. It is merely a bit of muslin of oval shape attached to a light steel frame and fastened by elastic bands behind the neck. If the mouth remain open, breathing is easily performed through the gauzy medium; but the effect is rather to induce a closure of the mouth, and respiration is performed through its legitimate channel, the nostrils. There is no inconvenience, nor discomfort; but the whole seems to us a triumph over a most annoying infirmity, which deserves the attention of all who are afflicted by it themselves, or who inflict it upon others.

We lately availed ourselves of the opportunity of purchasing a few of these ingenious "Night Respirators," and having the chance of trying them, can testify to the perfect success attained, thus far. Whether equally good results will follow in every instance, remains to be proved—we cannot see why they should not.—Boston Medical Journal.

## THE SUCCESS OF PERSECUTION.

That able writer, J. S. Mill, in his essay on Liberty, denies that persecution is always unsuccessful. Arnold of Brescia is one of the instances mentioned by Mr. Mill, in contradiction of certain prevalent views as to the validity and vitality of truth versus persecution. The dictum that truth always triumphs over persecution, is declared by this philosophic thinker, to be one of those pleasant falsehoods which men repeat after one another till they pass into commonplaces, but which all experience refutes. He declares history to teem with instances of truth put down by persecution. If not suppressed for ever, it may, he says, be thrown back for centuries. Thus, in the province only of religious opinions, he reminds us that the Reformation broke out at least twenty times before Luther, and was put down. That Arnold of Brescia was put down. That Fra Dolcino was put down. That Savonarola was put down. That the Albigenses were put down. That the Vaudois were put down. That the Lollards were put down. That the Hussites were put down. That even after the era of Luther, wherever persecution was persisted in, it was successful. In Spain, he continues, and Italy, and Flanders, and the Austrian empire, Protestantism was rooted out; and, most likely, would have been so in England, had Queen Mary lived, or Queen Elizabeth died. "Persecution has always succeeded, save where the heretics were too strong a party to be effectually persecuted. No reasonable person can doubt that Christianity might have been extirpated in the Roman Empire. It spread, and became predominant, because the persecutions were only occasional, lasting but a short time, and separated by long intervals of almost undisturbed propagandism. It is a piece of idle sentimentality that truth, merely as truth, has any inherent power denied to error, of prevailing against the dungeon and the stake. Men are not more zealous for truth than they often are for error, and a sufficient application of legal or even of social penalties will generally succeed in stopping the propagation of either." The real advantage which truth has, according to Mr. Stuart Mill, consists in this, that when an opinion is true, it may be extinguished once, twice, or many times; but in the course of ages there will generally be found persons to re-discover it, until some one of its re-appearances falls on a time when from favorable circumstances it escapes persecution until it has made such head as to withstand all subsequent attempts to suppress it.

A FRENCH HOME.—In a French family there is a much closer sympathy of parents with children than with us. They give up more of their time to amuse and instruct them. In America, a man of business works so hard, and comes home so jaded, that he has no spirit for anything but to read his paper, smoke his cigar, and roll tobacco. A French father makes a better economy of life. He works hard, too, during the day, but not to the point of utter exhaustion. He keeps a little strength for his home. And when he enters that enchanted circle, and shuts the door, he shuts the world behind him. Then, begone, dull care. Then the children have full liberty to romp and climb upon the father's knee, and gaily and cheerfully enjoy the rule of the hour.—Savoy Pictures, G. M. Field.

Some men are so good that they are good for nothing.

True philosophy can discern nothing else in a great many words and names but the letters of the alphabet which compose them.

Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation; because men have discovered that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth, than to refine themselves.

When a personage becomes formidable to his competitors or subordinates, they generally seek to deceive or destroy him.

An anonymous letter is a mode of moral murder, which, using only an inkstand for a bowl, and a pen for a poignant, poisons confidence and stable characters without fear of detection.

The poet Gray once said, "I have discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life, one can never have more than a single mother."



## SEA DREAMS. AN IDYLL.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

[The following is the poem for which Mr. Tennyson was paid, *at his own request*, fifty dollars a line. The largest sum received for a poem by an American writer, of which we have any record, was paid to Robert Treat Paine for his famous song "Adams and Liberty." That spirited competition brought its author eleven dollars a line, which was about a dollar and a half a word.]

A city clerk, but gently born and bred;  
His wife, an unknown artist's orphan child—  
One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three years old:  
They thought that her clear gem-like eyes  
Dropt in the giant-factored city-gloom.  
Came, with a month's leave given them, to the sea:  
For which his gains were dock'd, however small:  
His gains were small, and hard his work; besides,  
Their slender household fortunes (for the man  
Had risk'd his little) like the little thrift,  
Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep:  
And oft, when sitting all alone, his face  
Would darken, as he curs'd his credulity,  
And that one unctuous mouth which lured him  
To buy shares in some Peruvian mine.

Now onward-bound for health they gain'd a coast,  
All sand and cliff and deep-irunning cave,  
At close of day; slept, woke, and went the next  
The Sabbath, pious varies from the church,  
To chapel: where a heated pulpitist,  
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,  
Announced the coming doom, and fulminated  
Against the scarlet woman and her creed:  
For sideways up he swung his arms, and shriek'd  
"Thus, thus with violence," even as if he led  
The Apocalypse mill-stone, and himself  
Were that great Angel: "Thus with violence  
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea:  
Then comes the close." The gentle-hearted wife  
Sat shuddering at the rain of a world,  
He at his own: but when the wordy storm  
Had ended, forth they moved and paced the sand,  
Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves,  
Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce believed  
(The soft-fake of so many a summer still  
Clung to their fancies) that they saw, the sea.  
So now on sand they walk'd, and now on cliff,  
Lingering about the thymy promontories,  
Until the sails were dark'd in the west  
And rosd in the east: then home-cared and to bed  
Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope  
Haunting a holy text, and still to that  
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,  
"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,"  
Said, "Love, forgive him," but he did not speak.  
And silence by that silence lay the wife,  
Remembering our dear Lord who died for all,  
And musing on the little lives of men,  
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a full tide  
Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremost  
Took, upjetted in spirits of wild sea-smoke  
And sailed in sheets of woe-foul foam, and fell  
In vast sea-cataclysm—ever and anon  
Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs  
Heard thro' the living roar. "At this the babe,  
Their Margaret, cradled near them, wail'd and  
Woke.

The mother, and the father suddenly cried,  
"A wreck, a wreck!" then turn'd, and groaning,  
Said,  
"Forgive! How many will say, 'forgive,' and  
find

A sort of absolution in the sound  
To have a little longer." No; the sin  
That neither God nor man can make forgive,  
Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once.  
It is not true that second thoughts are best,  
But first, and third, and even a ripper first:  
Too ripe, too late! they come too late for use.  
Ah love, there surely lives in man and beast  
Something divine to warn them of their loss.  
And such a sense, when first I lighted on him,  
Said, "trust him not;" but after, when I came  
To know him more, I lost it, knew him less:  
Fought with what seemed my own uncharity,  
Sat at his table, drank his costly wines,  
Made more and more allowance for his talk:  
Went further, fool! and trusted him with all,  
All my poor scrapings from a dozen years  
Of dust and dew-work; there is no such mine,  
None, but a gulf of ruin, swallowing gold,  
Not making, ruin'd! ruin'd! the sea roars  
Ruin—a fearful night!"

"Not fearful, fair,"  
Said the good wife, "if every star in heaven  
Can make it fair; you do but hear the tide  
Had you ill dreams?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I dream'd  
Of such a tide swelling toward the land,  
And I from out the boundless outer deep  
Swept with it to the shore, and entered one  
Of those dark caves that run beneath the cliffs.  
I thought the motion of the boundless deep  
Bore through the cave, and I was heaved upon it  
In darkness; then I saw one lovely star  
Larger and larger. 'What a lovely star!  
To live in!' but in moving on I found  
Only the landward exit of the cave,  
Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond.  
And near the light a giant woman sat,  
All over earthy, like a piece of earth.  
A pickaxe in her hand; then out I slip'd  
Into a land all sun and blossom, trees  
As high as heaven, and every bird that sings,  
And here the night-light flickering in my eyes  
Awoke me."

"That was then your dream," she said,  
"Not sad, but sweet."

"So sweet, I lay," said he,  
"And mused upon it, drifting up the stream,  
In fancy, till I slept again, and pieced  
The broken vision; for I dream'd that still  
The motion of the great deep bore me on,  
And that the woman walk'd upon the brink.  
I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd her of it.  
'It came,' she said, 'by working in the mines.  
Oh, then to ask her of my shares, I thought  
And ask'd; but not a word; she shook her head.  
And then the motion of the current rear'd,  
And there was rolling thunder, and we reach'd  
A mountain, like a wall of burr and thorn,  
But she with her strong foot up the steep hill  
Trod out a path; I followed; and at top  
She pointed onward; there a fleet of glass,  
That seem'd a fleet of jewels under me,  
Sailing along before a gloomy cloud  
That not one moment ceased to thunder, past  
In sunshine, right across its track there lay,  
Down in the water, a long reef of gold,  
Or what seem'd gold; and I was glad at first  
To think that in our often-ranek'd world  
Still so much gold was left; and then I fear'd

Lost that gay navy there should splinter on it,  
And fearing wared my arm to warn them off:  
An idle signal, for the brittle fleet  
(I thought I could have died to save it) near'd,  
Tomb'd, click'd, and clank'd, and vanish'd, and I  
Woke.

I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see  
My dream was life, the woman honest work;  
And my poor venture but a fleet of glass  
Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold."

"Nay," said the kindly wife to comfort him,  
"You raised your arm, you tumbled down and  
broke  
The glass with little Margaret's medicine in it;  
And, breaking that, you made and broke your  
dream:  
A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks."

"No trifle," groan'd the husband; "yesterday  
I met him suddenly in the street, and ask'd  
That which I ask'd the woman in my dream.  
Like her, he shook his head. 'Show me the books,'  
He dodged me with a long and loose account.  
'The books, the books,' but he, he could not wait,  
Bound on a matter he of life and death:  
When the great Book (see Daniel seven, the tenth)  
Were open'd, I should find he meant me well;  
And then began to blurt himself, and once  
All over with the fat affectionate smile  
That makes the widow lean. 'My dearest friend,  
Have faith, have faith! We live by faith,' said he:  
'And all things work together for the good  
Of those—it makes me sick to quote him—last  
Gript my hand hard, and with God-bless you went.  
I stood like one that had received a blow:  
I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,  
A loose one in the hard grip of his hand.  
A curse in his God-bless you: then my eyes  
Pursued him down the street, and far away,  
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,  
Read rascal in the motions of his back,  
And sounder in the supple-sliding knee."

"Was he so bound, poor soul?" said the good wife.  
"So are we all: but do not call him love,  
Before you prove him, rogue, and proved, forgive  
His gain is loss: for he that wrongs his friend  
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about  
A silent court of justice in his breast,  
Himself the judge and jury, and himself  
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd:  
And that drags down his life: then comes what  
comes  
Hereafter: and he meant, he said he meant,  
Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you well."

"With all his conscience and one eye askew!"  
Love, let me quote these lines, that you may learn  
A man is likewise silent for himself,  
Too often, in that silent court of yours—  
"With all his conscience and one eye askew,  
So false, he partly took himself for true;  
Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,  
Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye:  
Who, never naming God except for gain,  
So never took that useful name in vain;  
Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged;  
And meeklike aimed his victim as he gorged;  
Arising at his holy city bells,  
Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,  
To spread the word by which himself had thriven:  
How like you this old satire?"

"I loathe it," he had never kindly heart,  
Nor ever cared to better his own kind,  
Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it.  
But will you hear my dream? for I had one  
That altogether went to music; still,  
It awoke me. Well—I dream'd that round the  
north

A light, a belt of luminous vapor, lay,  
And ever in it a low musical note  
Swell'd up and died, and, as it swell'd, a ridge  
Of breaker came from out the belt, and still  
Grew with the growing note, and when the note  
Had reach'd a thunderous fullness, on these cliffs  
Broke, mix'd with awful light (the same as that  
Which lived within the belt) by which I saw  
That all these lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,  
But huge cathedral fronts of every age,  
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see.  
One after one, and then the great ridge drew,  
Lessening to the lessening music, back,  
And past into the belt and swell'd again:  
To music: ever when it broke I saw  
The statues, saint, or king, or founder fall;  
Then from the gaps of ruin which it left  
Came men and women in dark clusters round,  
Some crying, "Set them up; they shall not fall!"  
And others, "Let them lie, for they have fall'n."  
And still they strove and wrangled, and I grieved  
In my strange dream, I knew not why, to find  
Their wildest wallings never out of tune  
With that sweet note; and ever when their shrieks  
Ran highest up the giant, that great wave  
Returning, tho' none mark'd it, on the crowd  
Broke, mix'd with awful light, and show'd their  
eyes

Gleaming, and passionate looks, and swept away  
The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone,  
To the waste deep together: and I first  
My wistful eyes on two fair images,  
Both crowned with stars and high among the stars,  
The Virgin Mother standing with her child  
High up on one of those dark minister fronts—  
Till she began to totter, and the child  
Clung to the mother, and sent out a cry  
Which mix'd with little Margaret's, and I woke,  
And my dream awoke me—well—but what are  
dreams?

Yours came but from the breaking of a glass,  
And mine but from the crying of a child."  
"Child?" said he, "but this tide's roar,  
and his,  
Our Boanerges with his threats of doom,  
And loud-lung'd Antihybanisms  
(Altho' I grant but little music there)  
Went both to make your dream: but were there  
such  
A music, harmonizing our wild cries,  
Sphere-music such as that you dream'd about,  
Why, that would make our Passions far too like  
The discords dear to the musician. No—  
One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of  
Heaven.  
True Devils with no ear, they howl in tune  
With nothing but the Devil!"

"True indeed!"  
One of our town, but later by an hour  
Here than ourselves, spoke with me on the shore,  
While you were running down the sands, and  
made  
The dimpled bounce of the sea-furrow'd flag,  
Good man, to please the child; she brought strange  
news.  
I would not tell you then to spoil your day,  
But he, at whom you rail so much, is dead."  
"Dead?" who is dead?"  
"The man your eye pursued  
A little after you had parted with him."

He suddenly dropt dead of heart-disease."  
"Dead?" he? of heart-disease? what heart had he  
To die of? dead!"  
"Ah, dearest, if there be  
A devil in man, there is an angel, too,  
And if he did that wrong you charge him with,  
His angel broke his heart. But your rough voice  
(You spoke so loud) has roused the child again.  
Sleep, little birdie, sleep: will she not sleep  
Without her 'little birdie?' well then, sleep,  
And I will sing you 'birdie.'"  
Saying this,  
The woman half turned round from him she loved,  
Left him one hand, and reaching through the  
night  
Her other, found (for it was close beside)  
And half-embroidered the basket cradle-head  
With one soft arm, which, like the plant bough  
That moving moves the nest and nestlings, sway'd  
The cradle, while she sang this baby song:

What does little birdie say  
In her nest at peep of day?  
Let me fly, says little birdie,  
Mother, let me fly away.  
Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger.  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say  
In her bed at peep of day?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
Let me rise and fly away.  
I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,  
A loose one in the hard grip of his hand.  
A curse in his God-bless you: then my eyes  
Pursued him down the street, and far away,  
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,  
Read rascal in the motions of his back,  
And sounder in the supple-sliding knee."

"He sleep, let us, too, let all evil sleep,  
He also sleep—another deep than ours,  
He can do no more wrong; forgive him, dear,  
And I shall sleep the sounder."

Then the man,  
"His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come.  
Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound  
I do forgive him."

"Thank, my love," she said,  
"Your own will be the sweeter," and they slept.

## ON THE SUBJECT OF CLOTHES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," A "LIFE FOR A LIFE," &amp;c., &amp;c., &amp;c.

My sight not being so good as it was, my grand-daughter is in the habit of reading the Times aloud to me daily. Possibly, this is not always a labor of love, I being a rather fidgety listener, nor, at the same time, one of those connoisseurs of old persons who consider that to minister unto them is to the young a privilege invaluable. There have been times when, perceiving Nettie's bright eye wander, and her voice drop into a monotonous, absent tone, I have inwardly sigh'd over those inevitable infirmities which render each generation in its turn dependent on the succeeding one; times when it would have been easier to me to get up a peevish "There, that will do," and forfeit my own undeniable pleasure, than thus to make a martyr of my little girl. But then, few can have lived to my length of days without being taught the blessedness of not only labors of love, but labors of duty; and I am glad, even at the cost of some personal pain, to see my grandchild learning this lesson after me; concerning her natural laziness, accommodating the frivolous tastes of youth to the prosy likings of old age, and acquiring, even in so small a thing as the reading of a newspaper, that habit of self-control and self-alienation which we women have to practice, with or against our will, to the end of our lives.

So, after going steadily through the leading articles—by the way, what a curious fact of modern intellectual advance is that page of Times leaders, thought out with infinite labor, compiled with surpassing skill, influencing the whole world's destinies one day, to become the next mere waste paper—after this, I said to Nettie,

"Now, my dear, I leave the choice to you; read anything that you consider amusing."  
"Amusing!" As if she doubted whether anything in the Times could come under that head. But shortly her countenance cleared.—  
"An American Bridal Trousseau," will that do, gran'ma, dear?"

I nodded, and she began to read:  
"Extraordinary Marriage Ceremony—Cuban Don—Young Lady of New York. Will no doubt amuse English ladies. Why, I declare, it's a list of her clothes! And such a quantity! Only hear:—One blue silk, ruffled to the waist; one green and white double skirt, trimmed with black lace; one light blue silk chintz, flowers down the skirt, trimmed with deep fringe to match; one steel-colored silk, with purple velvet flowers, trimmed with wide bands of purple velvet, edged with black lace; a surplus waist trimmed to match the skirt; one Swiss dress, the skirt formed with clusters of ruffles and tucks, the waist to match; one white Swiss muslin dress, five flounces, edged with narrow Valenciennes lace; one white Swiss dress skirt, with three flounces, three ruffles on each flounce; pink ribbon underneath; one Swiss dress tucked to the waist; six dresses of poplin, merino and Ottoman velvet."

"Stop, stop! let us take breath, child. Poplin, merino, Ottoman velvet; and how many more was it? Swiss muslin, silk chintz, and something with a 'surplus waist,' whatever that may be."  
"Indeed, I don't know, Gran'mamma," laughed the child; "though you do think me such an extravagant young lady. Not so bad as this one, any how. Oh, oh, oh! Just listen—"  
"Eighteen street dresses, of rich, plain, and figured silks, double skirt and two flounces; also more antique, made in the newest and most fashionable style; twelve afternoon dresses, consisting of grenadines, organdies, and tissue, all varied in styles of making; twelve evening dresses, one pink embroidered velvet, trimmed with the richest point de Venise; one white silk tunic dress, skirt embroidered and trimmed with blonde lace; one pearl-colored silk, double skirt, with bouquets of embroidered velvet; three white crape dresses, adorned with bunches of raised flowers; three white tulle dresses, with colored polka spots of floss silk, to be worn over white silk skirts; six dinner dresses, one white silk embroidered with gold; one pink moire antique, very elegant silk stripes; one blue silk, with

lace flounces; one amber silk, with black lace tunic dress; one black moire antique, trimmed with velvet and lace; one white moire antique, with puffs of illusion, and the sleeves made in Princess Clothide style; twelve muslin dresses, made with flounces and simple ruffles."

"That's a mercy, girl. I began to think the only 'simple' article the lady possessed was her husband."  
"Grandmamma, how funny you are! Well, will you hear to the end?"  
"Certainly. One is not often blessed with such valuable and extensive information. Besides, my dear, it may be of use to you when the Prince comes."

(This is the name by which we have always been accustomed to talk openly of Nettie's possible, doubtless she thinks certain, lover's husband. Consequently, to no ignorant lady's maid or silly young playfellow, but to her sage old grandmother, has my child confided her ideas and intentions on this important subject, including the imaginary portrait, physical and mental, of "the Prince," what she expects of him, and what she means to be towards him. Also, in no small degree, what they are both to be towards their revered grandmamma.—Poor little Nettie, she little knows how seldom is any dream fulfilled! Yet, if never any more than a dream, better a pure than a base, a high than a low, a wise than a foolish one.)  
"When the Prince comes," said the little maid, drawing herself up with all the dignity of sixteen: "I hope I shall think a great deal more of him than of my wedding, and that he will think more of me than of my wedding clothes."

"Very well. Now, go on."  
She did so; and I here cut it out of the newspaper entire, lengthily as the paragraph is, to prove that I have not garbled a line; that I do "nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice," with regard to this young American bride, whose name is not given, and of whom I know no more than the man in the moon:—

"Three riding habits, one black Canton crape, trimmed with velvet buttons; one green merino, English style; one black cloth, trimmed with velvet; three opera cloths, one white merino double cape, elegantly embroidered and trimmed with rich tassels; one white cashmere, trimmed with blue and white plaid plush; one grenadine, with ribbon quilting; twenty-four pairs of varied colored satin slippers, richly embroidered; twelve pairs of white satin and kid slippers, plain styles; two pairs of white satin and kid slippers, trimmed with ribbon; six pairs of mouse-embroidered slippers, one pair of kid Italia mouse, embroidered; one green and gray chenille, embroidered; one purple and black silk, embroidered; two pairs of brown Morocco plain French, all hands of France; six pairs of slippers, variously embroidered in various colors; two pairs of white satin and kid slippers, trimmed with ribbon; six pairs of mouse-embroidered slippers, one pair of kid Italia mouse, embroidered; one green and gray chenille, embroidered; 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and more enough to see that a bachelor is never worth half as much, either to himself, society, or the State, as a man who is "married and settled," may yet often be deterred from that salutary duty by what? A vague dread of their wives' clothes.

Not quite without reason. No wonder that when he comes home from the blaze of an evening party to his Temple chambers or the snug solitude of his fellow's den, the worthy gentleman shivers inwardly at the idea of converting himself into a modern Orestes, haunted by winged Reminiscences of milliners' bills of having a large proportion of his hard-earned family income frittered away in "loves of lace," "exquisite ribbons," and all the fantastic of female dress which a man's more solid taste generally sets down at once as "rubbish." In which, not seldom, he is quite correct.

Women's modern propensities in this line might advantageously be restrained. It is frequently not the dress which costs so much as its extras; which rarely add to the effect, but often quite destroy that classic breadth and unity which, to my old-fashioned eyes, is one of the greatest charms in any costume. It is astonishing how much may be saved in the year by the simple rule: Never buy frilleries.

I have one more word to say, and then I have done.

A woman should always remember that her clothes should be in expense and quantity proportioned to her own circumstances, and not those of her neighbor. The mingling of classes is good—that is, the frequent association of those persons who in effect form one and the same class, being alike in tastes, sympathies, moral purpose, and mental culture, however various be their degree of annual income, worldly station, profession, trade, or unemployed leisure. Provided always that the one meeting point, which likewise can alone be the fair point of rivalry, lies in themselves and not their externals. How can I, who have but £200 a year, dress like my friend Mrs. Jones, who has £2,000?—but is that any reason why I, who am, I hope, as true a gentleman as she is, should eschew her very pleasant society, or, out of mere cowardice, ruin myself by mimicking her in the matter of clothes? Nothing is so fatal as the ever-increasing habit that I notice, of each class dressing, or attempting to dress, in a style equal to the class above it—the maid imitating her mistress, the young shop-girl the woman of fortune, and so on. Even mothers of families one sees continually falling into this error, and wearing gowns, shawls, &c., that must of necessity have pinched the family income for many a day. My dear ladies, will you not see that a good daily joint of meat on your table is far more conducive to the health and happiness of those sitting round it, than the handsomest silk gown placed at the head of it? That a good, well-paid domestic servant (and you cannot expect a good one unless well paid) is of more worth to you and yours, in absolute comfort, than the very grandest of milliners or dress-makers?

I have lived long, my dears, and worn out a considerable quantity of linen-draperies in my time; but I can fearlessly assert that, at every age, as a young girl at home, a matron in her own house, and an old lady free to spend her income in her own way—the one economy which I have always found safest to practice, as being least harmful to oneself, and least annoying to other people, was—"clothes." And I shall try, if possible, to teach it to my granddaughter. Not that mean economy which hides poor materials by a tawdry "making up"—disguising cheap silks, coarse linen, and flimsy muslin by a quantity of false lace, sham jewelry, dirty ribbons, and so natural flowers,—but that quiet independence with which, believing that the woman herself is superior to anything she wears, we just wear fearlessly what suits our taste and our pocket—paying a due regard to colors, fashions, freshness, and cleanliness—but never vexing ourselves about immaterial items, and as happy in a dress of last year's fashion as if we had at command the whole establishment of the renowned Jane Clarke, who, they say,—but for the credit of womanhood I hope it is untrue,—ordered herself to be buried in a point lace shroud.

Ay, as I reminded my little Natty—we must all come to this last garment. To an old woman—who never will put off her black gown except for that white one—the matter of clothes seems often a very trivial thing, hardly worth, indeed, the prosy dissertation I have been led to give upon it. Let us only so clothe ourselves, that this frail body of ours, while it does last, may not be unpleasing in the sight of those who love us; and let us so use it in this life that in the life to come it may be found worthy to be "clothed upon" with its Maker's own glorious immortality.

**COLORED IMMIGRANTS TO HAITI.**—A few days ago, a vessel sailed from New Orleans, with eighty-one free colored persons, belonging in Louisiana, who go to try their chances in Hayti. The Phrygians say:—"Among them are brick-makers, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, &c. Some of them are prudent, and some who have long been employed making the stuff called Attakapas cottonade, so favorably known in the market. They take along with them the necessary machinery for that trade, and all sorts of agricultural and mechanical instruments. These eighty-one persons—twenty-four adults and fifty-seven children and youths—comprise fourteen families, or rather households, for they are all related, and the eighty-one may be called one family. They are all in easy circumstances, some even rich, one family being worth as much as \$50,000. They were all landowners in this State, and have sold out their property with the intention of investing their capital in Hayti. The Haytian Government has passed stringent laws to prevent idleness, and has even adopted coercive measures for the protection of industry; but the best argument they could use is certainly the example set by men of their own race, who, under the beneficial influence of the whites, have grown up in industry, habits, and conservative principles. If anything can ever be done for Hayti, these are certainly the people to do it.

**TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.**—A successful case of transfusion of blood into the veins of a woman, was performed lately in Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland. The woman, although in the prime of life, had become so weak from loss of blood, that pulsation was at times imperceptible. The blood of a friend was injected into a vein in one of her arms, and the most cheering results were immediately manifested. She continued to improve rapidly, and at last accounts was considered beyond danger.

## TRADE IN DIAMONDS.

Known from very early times, the diamond has always retained for itself the principal place among jewels. Still in the east, a superstitious feeling attaches itself to this stone, about which innumerable fables have, in various ages, been current. The orientals believe that certain diamonds shine in the dark, so as to be used by solitary students for lamps; and at Bagdad they say, in the reign of Haroun al Raschid, a youth was discovered in an oratory reading the Koran by the light of a diamond as large as a hen's egg. With respect to size, the exaggeration is not very great, since the stone found at Kolorer fell little short, before it was cut and polished, of the dimensions attributed to the Bagdad stone by the imagination of the Arabs.

The trade in diamonds, though often highly lucrative, did not form a separate branch of commerce till a comparatively recent date, and even now is seldom entirely detached from the traffic in other gems; yet it demands so much skill, acuteness, and experience, that those only achieve great success who devote themselves exclusively to this department of trade. Its profitability, however, depends much on fashion, on accidental variations in public taste, and on fluctuations in the supply, regulated by no law, and therefore not to be foreseen or guarded against. Where these glittering vanities will turn up, science is unable to determine. They are found in mountains and on plains, in ploughed fields and in marshes, in India, in Siberia, in Borneo, and in Brazil. Sometimes there is a scarcity of them, at other times a glut; but whether scarce or plentiful, there has never since their discovery been a period during which they have not constituted a favorite article of regal and imperial magnificence, and been thought to lend additional splendor to beauty itself.

Throughout the east, queens and princesses never consider themselves properly apparelled unless they have a blaze of diamonds about their waists, ornaments of the same gems flashing between the tresses of their raven hair, and descending in festoons upon their bosoms. Sultans and chiefs also aim at producing effect upon their subjects by decorating their persons after the same fashion, and studding the hilts and scabbards of their poniards and sabres with jewels. Here, in Europe, the same taste, a little modified, prevails. Men do not consider it effeminate or ridiculous to wear diamonds, while women are often vain of these brilliant trappings of their own personal charms. The wife of an English ambassador appeared, not very long ago, at the French court with a million's worth of jewels on her dress, so that, as she moved beneath the vast chandeliers of the Tuilleries, she looked like a personification of the mines of Golconda. Most persons will remember what marvels have been wrought by diamond-necklaces, and how the fate of thrones and the destinies of whole nations have been influenced by one woman's passion for these adornments. Once at Calcutta, a curious substitute for diamonds was used by a lady at the governor-general's ball. She caught a number of fireflies, and stitched them to her dress in diminutive bags of gauze. The effect was striking beyond conception. As she moved, the flies shot forth their light, so that the side of her dress which was turned from the chandelier seemed to be spotted with fire.

With the changing phases of civilization, all kinds of jewels rise or fall in public esteem. The diamond seems to have exerted its greatest influence during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, when the belief in its mysterious properties was still rife throughout Christendom. Merchants then travelled over the whole east, exposing themselves to every kind of peril, and enduring hunger, thirst, and extreme fatigue, to collect these glittering spoils of the earth, by dealing in which they amassed princely fortunes, purchased immense estates, and founded powerful families. Accident occasionally came to the aid of their skill and intrepidity. Amid the ruins, for example, of Constantinople, a poor boy picked up a diamond which he sold to a janitary for fourpence; the soldier, in his turn, disposed of it to some else for a few shillings; and thus the jewel proceeded from hand to hand, until, for a comparatively small sum, it became the property of a merchant, who obtained for it, from Sultan Mourad II. the sum of a hundred thousand crowns. So, again, in India, a poor peasant, turning up the soil with his plough, was struck by the peculiar glitter of a pebble lying among other stones. Stopping his oxen, he picked it up, and though he understood nothing of gems, immediately, with the quickness of an oriental, persuaded himself he had found a prize. Abandoning his plough, therefore, and wrapping up the pebble in a rag, he walked, barefoot, a distance of forty miles, to Golconda, where his good fortune directed him to an honest merchant, who informed him he was in possession of the largest diamond in the world. What sum he obtained for it, is not stated; but it was sufficient to enrich both himself and his descendants. The history of this stone, if it could be given in full, would form a volume. Having been purchased by an ambitious chief, eager to barter his ornaments for political power, he presented it to the great descendant of Baber, Aurangzeb. From him it passed down, through various vicissitudes, to the last Sikh ruler of the Punjab, and became, by victory, the property of the East India Company. However vast might be its value, they made a present of it to the Queen; and under the name of Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, it was held by millions of the English people, beneath a strong iron grating, at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

When a diamond-merchant travelled eastward from Europe, wherever he made known his destination, princes and grandees were sure to instruct him with fresh orders, particularly in Turkey and Persia. Before he reached India, therefore, his commissions were often so numerous that he had much difficulty, even in the mart of Golconda, to find gems sufficient to supply the demands of his customers. The great traveller, Tavernier, may be looked upon as a fair representative of the diamond dealers of his age. Being a man of more than ordinary intelligence, who extended the sphere of his observations considerably beyond the limits of

commerce, he was often consulted by the most powerful princes, whose understandings, however, were not always commensurate with their riches and authority. Of a conversation which he once had with a shah of Persia, he had left a minute and curious account; but as it did not turn on the diamond trade, it would be beside our purpose to repeat it. When he made known his intention of visiting the Indian mines, most of those with whom he conversed sought to dissuade him from realizing his design, by representing them as encircled by every kind of danger, malarial of the most deadly kind, forests infested by wild beasts, and tribes of men surpassing the worst of these in ferocity. But the traveller, confiding in his own experience, despised all their warnings. He had invariably found perils vast and threatening at a distance diminish as he approached, especially where he had to deal with men, who might generally be conciliated by fair words and the act of putting confidence in them.

The condition of the Deccan, it must be owned, was far better than that it has been since. At the present day, it would hardly be safe for a merchant with large bags of gold to travel from the coast of Malabar, through the gorges of the Western Ghats, to Bejapore and Golconda, since he would be nearly certain to encounter predatory bands of Arabs, breaking away, perhaps, from the service of the Nizam, or on the way to offer to his Highness the use of their swords. Thugs, Phansigars, Dalkotis, and other robbers, in spite of the police organized by the English, might likewise have something to say to his treasures and to his life. But in those days of Mogul supremacy, when the sceptre of Delhi was stretched with more or less vigor over all India, the adventurous diamond-merchant landed at Surat, familiar to all readers of the Arabian Nights, and made his way without let or hindrance to Golconda. There, under the charge of an apothecary, he left a large portion of his wealth, and with the remainder proceeded to the mines.

Nearly all the old writers describe the scene of their operations in a vague and unsatisfactory manner, which imparts an air of romance to their accounts, but compels us to have recourse to more modern authorities when we would acquire precise information. The diamond mines of India are chiefly situated between the Kistnah and Pennar rivers, and many of them cluster about both banks of the latter stream. The gems are found in the alluvial soil, or in rocks of the most recent formation, in lands not greatly elevated above the level of the sea. Not far distant, however, are ranges of hills about a thousand feet in height, in one of which the Pennar rises, and after forcing its way through a gap in the other, flows through a channel alternately soft and rocky, through the district of Nellore. The search for diamonds still goes on as of old; the speculators farm from the government plots of ground, more or less extensive, which they enclose with a low fence, within which they carry on their operations. Large gems are rarely found, but when they do turn up, a third of their value is claimed by the government, which is therefore far more grasping and oppressive than in the seventeenth century, when it was satisfied with a duty of two per cent. from the seller and buyer. The enthusiasm which once animated this branch of industry has almost entirely died away. The work is carried on languidly both here and at Sumbulpore on the Mahanuddy, where 60,000 men, women and children were once beheld diffused like swarms of bees over the plain, digging, washing, sorting, or bearing bags of jewels in the matrix to the offices of the overseers. Smaller diamonds are discovered by their sparkle amid the gravel, which shows they are only fragments of larger stones broken by accident, because, when entire, they are wrapped in a crust, polished and shining, indeed, like pebbles on the sea shore, but disclosing no other symptoms of the brilliance within.

Nothing like a philosophical history of precious stones has yet been written. We know nothing of the chemical process by which nature forms them, nothing of the materials of which they are composed, for all that has been discovered by experiment amounts to this, that the diamond may be destroyed by intense heat. Practically, it is observed that it acquires certain peculiarities from the nature of the soil in which it is found. When perfect, it exactly resembles so much pure water, congealed by nature's chemistry, and rendered harder than the hardest metal. When its interior is exposed, by polishing, to the light, the rays of the sun descend into its depths, and playing and wandering there, are reflected, refracted, and intermingled, so as to produce an almost supernatural blaze of splendor. From this unclouded brilliance, the diamond passes through a thousand intermediate changes to absolute black, when it presents the appearance of translucent ebony. Occasionally, when it has been steeped for thousands of years in a morass, it assumes the hues of the beryl or of the topaz, or even of a very pale sapphire. The last is least in esteem among the merchants, who detect its lurking blue by examining it under the thick foliage of a tree. In Europe, lapidaries study the water of the diamond in broad daylight, but the Hindoos, for this purpose, prefer the night. Placing a powerful lamp in a square opening in a wall, they stand before it, and hold up the diamond between the finger and thumb against the stream of light, which enables them to detect the minutest flaw in its interior.

When the trade was at its height, a merchant arriving from foreign countries was waited on by the governor, who explained the rules in conformity with which business was carried on in the place; he then, if the stranger consented, took all the money he had brought with him into his keeping, and bound himself to answer for its safety to the smallest fraction; but both Mahomedan and Hindoo dealers were so addicted to the practice of fraud, that the government found it self under the necessity of keeping the strictest possible watch upon them. A secret war, indeed, was always carried on between the rulers and the merchants—the former seeking to obtain their share of all profits made; the latter, to elude their demands. In Tavernier's case, for in order officers were granted him, usually as a guard of honor, but in fact as

spies upon his proceedings, for, having never been accustomed to honesty, the worthy governor found himself under the necessity of suspecting and watching everybody. But Hindoo craft easily outgeneraled the heavy wits of the Moslems. One day, as the traveller was seated enjoying himself in the midst of his guards, a native merchant approached, dressed in mean attire, and displaying every external token of poverty, but, accustomed to the devices of the Hindoos, the European took no notice of this fact, and invited the native to sit down beside him. He was, of course, a dealer in precious stones, though, apprehensive of the rapacity of the government, or preferring mystery before open dealing, he would not enter upon business in presence of the Mahomedan guards. He had, however, timed his visit well; the hour of prayer approached, when these disciples of Mohammed would, he conjectured, in spite of all earthly considerations, depart to repeat their orisons in the mosque. As soon as the muezzin's voice was heard from a neighboring minaret summoning the faithful to their devotions, three of the four spies attended to the call; but the fourth, having the fear of the governor before his eyes, remained to observe the dealings of the Frank and the Hindoo. Tavernier, however, was not to be disappointed, pretending to be without bread, he despatched the Moslem to the town in search of some, and was thus at liberty to converse on business with the native.

The Hindoo, now unrolling his long, dark hair, drew forth from among its plaits a diamond of so rare a lustre that the traveller was struck with extraordinary admiration. It weighed nearly fifty carats, and its pure transparency appeared to be without flaw; but the money he had with him fell greatly short of the price of so precious a jewel, though he could not restrain himself from gazing at its beauty. "Do not waste your time," said the Hindoo, "but meet me in the evening outside the city wall; bring a sufficient sum along with you, and the diamond shall be yours." At the time appointed, just as the shades of evening were thickening into night, the merchant, without attendant or witness, repaired to the place of meeting, and the dealer, being true to his word, brought along with him the gem, which Tavernier afterwards sold to a Dutch officer on the Malabar coast for what he called an honest profit, which in all likelihood, was considerable.

The quickness and penetration of the diamond-dealers of Golconda, which invariably excite the astonishment of strangers, may easily be accounted for by the nature of their business education. At the age of six years, the sons of the dealers commence their studies; not in schools or colleges, but on the public mart. The boys are formed into a sort of guild, at the head of which is the senior of the company. They are each furnished with a bag of gold and a pair of scales, and thus equipped, they seat themselves cross-legged in a circle, and await in silence the coming of the sellers. When a person with any precious stone presents himself, he delivers it to the head of the guild, who, after due deliberation, hands it to the boy next to him in age, and he to the next, until it has made the circuit of the whole body. It is supposed that by some touch of the hand given while passing on, the boys intimate to each other their favorable or unfavorable opinion, for not a word is spoken or a look exchanged, as far as the keenest observer can perceive. The diamond is then weighed, and either bought or rejected. Every day they make up their accounts, and divide the profits equally among them all, save that one quarter per cent. is given in addition to the eldest boy. If, however, he should be unlucky enough to make a bad bargain, the entire loss falls upon him. But so great, as a rule, is their skill, that any member of the guild will, in case of pressure, take at its full price the purchase of any other without the least examination.

Much the same system is pursued by the older dealers, except that they affect greater mystery. It has been already stated that a percentage of the gains made by the dealers is paid to the government; and as eastern rulers are often unscrupulous in all transactions with their subjects, the latter have recourse to the most subtle craft in self-defence. This fact will satisfactorily account for the following mystical method of buying and selling. The nature of the article to be transferred and the denomination of the coin being understood, the seller spreads out the end of his waist-shawl, and places his hand beneath it; the buyer immediately introduces his hand likewise, and the pantomime commences. The use of language on these occasions is entirely abjured, so that, on the Exchange of Golconda, millions may pass from man to man in absolute silence. Two or three hundred merchants, perhaps, seated in couples upon the floor, are engaged in making bargains, which, taken altogether, would represent the wealth of whole kingdoms. When the buyer offers a thousand pagodas, he grasps the entire hand of the seller, and for every thousand gives a separate pressure. If he grasps the fingers only, he means five hundred; one finger, one hundred; from the middle joint, fifty; from the lower, ten. There are masonic tokens for smaller sums, but these seem to have escaped detection. It is obviously practicable for persons who do business after this fashion to estimate their own income-tax in defiance of the government myrmidons, and thus the most opulent of the Hindoos are able to conceal the amount of their riches, and the extent of the transactions they carry on.

Most Asiatics entertain peculiar notions respecting silence, and it was from them, unquestionably, that Pythagoras learned to associate silence with the study of wisdom. At the Borneo diamond-mines there is a superstition connected with this subject, which may be worth mentioning. The persons employed in the washings are enjoined to abstain at least from loud talking, lest they should offend the presiding spirit of the mines, who, in revenge for the disturbance of his repose, might frustrate their search after the riches he dispenses to mortals. Yet all sounds are not displeasing to him; with the voice of a woman singing his ear is charmed; and if, in addition to a sweet voice, she happen to possess a beautiful countenance, he pours the jewels without stint into her lap.

A complete revolution was brought about in the diamond-trade, in 1844, by the discovery of the mines of Sincera, in Brazil. For ages, it had been known that the diamond was produced in that empire, whence the King of Portugal obtained the gem long regarded as the finest in the world. But in the year above mentioned, accident threw open to the enterprise of the Brazilians what may be denominated the great diamond-fields, which have been not unaptly compared to the valley of Shalhad, and the jeweled gardens of Aladdin. All the social phenomena since witnessed at the diggings of California and Australia, were then exhibited at Sincera. The sugar-growers deserted their works, the merchants their counting-houses, sailors their vessels, and even effeminate gentlemen their pleasures, and rushed to the diamond-mines, where for a while they picked up jewels by handfuls. This new source of wealth was discovered by a slave, who, having collected gems of immense value, travelled a great distance to dispose of them. The avarice of the authorities being thus excited, the slave was seized and thrown into prison, where means—none of the gentlest, we may be sure, were employed to compel him to disclose the site of his discovery. But the obstinacy of the African proved more than an equal match for the cruelty of the Brazilians, though not for their cunning. His escape was purposely contrived at, but several Indians were put upon his trail, and these following him like bloodhounds night and day, at length beheld him rooting up for diamonds at the foot of the Sincera Mountains.

What became of the black finder is not stated; but no sooner had he been ascertained that the precious stones really existed there in great abundance, than the population of the province multiplied as if by miracle, swelling in a few months from 8,000 to 30,000. To the credit of the Government, freedom of search was granted to all comers, which at the outset induced the most fearful desperadoes, robbers, and murderers to engage in the operation. No police existed, provisions were scarce and difficult to be procured, and violence and assassination became common incidents. By degrees, however, a regular police was established, and a certain amount of order introduced, after which the business was conducted in something like a civilized fashion.

Three-fourths of the early exports from Sincera found their way to England, the remainder was distributed through France and Germany, and employed all the lapidaries in Europe for several years. But however abundant may be the mines, the Brazilian gems are inferior in lustre, as well as in dimensions, to the oriental. Those of Paraguanay are of a dun color, while such as are found at Lancos are white or pale green, which are most highly valued in commerce. The flooding of the market occasioned by this discovery, diminished, as might have been expected, the value of diamonds, which, in a few years, sunk 25 or 30 per cent. The chemical experiments, moreover, which have lately been made in all parts of Europe, have deprived this gem of its title to be considered adamantine—in capable of being subdued by the force of the elements. Innumerable experiments, however, have now shown that a degree of heat insufficient even to affect the polish of the ruby, will reduce the diamond to white ashes. But, though more indestructible, all ruselets gems are inferior to the diamond in beauty. In this quality it still surpasses every species of jewel, not even excepting the opal, which sometimes throws forth a wilderness of brilliant colors in the light. It has been found, in the east, that burning in a moderate fire improves the water of the diamond, and changes its hues from dusky green or beryl yellow to transparent white.

In cutting and polishing these stones, very different processes are followed in different countries. In some, a number of small facets are preferred; whilst in others, the lapidaries aim at producing longitudinal flat surfaces, which permit the rays of light to pass undisturbed into the interior of the gem, where they are met by the rays entering through other facets, and create a commingling of brilliance which appears to kindle before the eye. The objection to this latter mode of cutting is, that it greatly diminishes the weight of the stone, though it undoubtedly gains in splendor what it loses in dimensions. An anecdote is somewhere related of a Venetian lapidary who, having been employed by a Prince to cut and polish a diamond, presented it to him so diminished in size, that he ordered him to be put to death. Calculating upon the possibility of such a result, the Venetian had only cut a model in glass, and carried the real diamond in his pocket. This, therefore, he produced to calm the Prince's rage; but immediately, by reasoning and argument, convinced him that the jewel, if reduced according to his model, would be worth far more than in the rough state. He was therefore commissioned to do, with the owner's consent, what had he done it previously, would have cost him his life. Many years afterwards, he used to point jokingly to his wife's necklace, saying:—"There is what my head was thought to be worth by a King!"

**FINALE OF THE CHICAGO SICKLES CASE.**—The Press and Tribune relates the following circumstance, which contain what may be termed the "finishing touch" to the Sickles case in that region:

**Kaufholz Runs Away with Mrs. Williams.**—Our readers have been made acquainted with an affair occurring not long since on the West Side, where an enraged and outraged husband named Williams, a young German, attempted to avenge himself, *à la Sickles*, by shooting Kaufholz. The latter received a severe wound, and, but for the brave defence made by his dog, would have been killed. Williams made a straight rush for the jail, and demanded to be committed, saying it was "a Sickles case." He evidently believed, and openly expressed his wish that Kaufholz would die. The latter, however, didn't die, but "on the contrary, quite the reverse," for he sent for Mrs. Williams, and while the husband was cooling his rage in jail, and waiting for death to avenge his wrongs, Kaufholz was enjoying the society and attendance of the frail and feeble dame, under which treatment he recovered so fast, that on Thursday the guilty couple packed up their traps, with everything of Williams' that they could lay their hands on, sent to him in his cell a letter of farewell, cool as a chunk of Nova Zembla ice, and while the poor fellow raved himself perfectly frantic at this fresh phase in the affair, they were off for parts unknown.

## POLITICAL NEWS.

**CONGRESS—MAKING AN ERROR.**—On Friday of last week, the Democrats concentrated their votes on Mr. Sherman, of N. C., the last candidate of the Southern Americans. After a number of North-Western Democrats had changed in his favor, and four of the People's Party withdrawn from him, the vote stood as follows:—

THIRTY-THIRD BALLOT.	
Whole number of votes,	228
Necessary to a choice,	115
Mr. Smith, of N. C. (South. Oppo.)	112
Mr. Sherman, (Rep.)	106
Mr. Corwin, (Rep.)	4
Scattering,	8
For Mr. Corwin—Messrs. Morris, of Pa., Sherman, Sherman, and Wood—4.	
For Mr. Booth—Mr. Holmes.	
For Mr. Clark, of N. Y.—Mr. Adair.	
For Mr. Davis, of Ind.—Mr. Allen.	
For Mr. Howard—Mr. Davis, of Ind.	
For Mr. Vance—Mr. Smith, of N. C.	
For Mr. Pennington—Mr. Nixon.	
Mr. Milford (People's Party of Penna.) voted for Mr. Smith.	

After the vote, the Republicans insisted on an adjournment till Monday. It was supposed they would nominate either Corwin or Pennington on Monday, if they thought they could throw a larger vote for either than for Sherman. The general impression is a Speaker will soon be elected.

**THE REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.**—At a caucus of the Republican members of the House on Saturday, Mr. Sherman proposed to withdraw his name as a candidate on Monday. It was generally supposed that the Republicans, *Ac.*, would concentrate on Mr. Pennington, of New Jersey, who, it was thought, could be elected.

**FLORIDA.**—A bill recently passed both houses of the Florida Legislature for the expulsion of the free negroes from that State, but the Governor refused to affix his signature, and the measure failed.

**INTER-STATE COURTESY.**—The members of the Kentucky and Tennessee Legislatures have been visiting the Ohio Legislature at Columbus. They were heartily welcomed by Gov. Dennison, of Ohio.

**Gov. Magoffin, of Kentucky,** returned thanks in the name of the people of Kentucky, for the cordial welcome tendered. He had expected a warm welcome, but was not prepared for such a greeting. He would take home this welcome to the people of Kentucky, and tell them that all we have to do to keep the Government united, is to see each other often, and know each other better.

**Gov. Magoffin introduced Colonel Newcomb, of the Tennessee Legislature,** who responded in behalf of that State. He said that while Congress cannot organize, Ohio, Tennessee and Kentucky can have a convention of their own as brethren. He eulogized the Union and the Constitution. The speech was received with great applause.

The members of all three Legislatures then visited Cincinnati, where they had a "tremendous reception." The Governor and Legislature of New York have invited them all to visit Albany.

**THE EMPLOYMENT OF MRS. GURNEY.**—A Philadelphia correspondent of the *Daily Tribune* says:—

A paragraph among the foreign news by a late arrival makes brief mention of the elopement of the wife of John Henry Gurney with her footman. Mr. Gurney is the son of Joseph John Gurney, the distinguished Quaker preacher and philanthropist, well known to his countrymen as a traveler in this country, some years ago, for the purpose of visiting the meetings of the Society to which he belonged. The latter was a brother of the well-known banker, Samuel Gurney; his sister was the celebrated Elizabeth Fry, and his widow is a native of Pennsylvania. The family name and character are thus familiar to thousands in this country, who will be interested in hearing some particulars of the domestic desolation so hastily dispatched in the foreign summary. Letters received here by the last steamer have been shown to me, which furnish full particulars of the case. The fugitive wife was the only child of Richard Gurney, M. P., a cousin of Joseph John, and was married to the husband she has abandoned when she was only fifteen years old. She is now twenty-eight, and has two children. Her father, at his death, left a fortune of \$5,000,000—one half to her children, and the income of the other half to her during her life—the principal, at her death, to go also to her children. In addition to this handsome inheritance, she also very wealthy, a Member of Parliament, and maintains a splendid city establishment and several country seats. As a man, a citizen, a husband, and a father, perhaps all England does not contain a better or brighter character. He married for love, and was passionately attached to her, and she, in return, her every attention and indulgence which an overflowing fortune and affection could suggest as likely to contribute to her happiness, without for a moment suspecting that her loyalty to him had been alienated, until he heard the blasting intelligence from her own lips.

A young man whose name is Taylor, had been highly recruited, and left England at a groom or footman, to take charge of Mrs. Gurney's horses, as she was excessively fond of equestrian exercise, and was accordingly employed in that capacity. Taylor was an educated man, of the appearance and pleasing manners, and three or four years younger than his mistress. This, however, often being urged, she conceived a passion for her servant, of which her husband did not entertain the remotest idea until she openly avowed it to him, declaring that, though the latter had been faultless as a husband, and only too indulgent, yet she had ceased to love him; that her heart was with Taylor, and that she had determined to abandon the husband for him. The tenderest remonstrance and intercession availed nothing to lessen her infatuation. Friends and relatives who were called in to plead with her made no stronger impression; and, leaving her children without shedding a tear, this infatuated being abandoned as admirable a home as woman ever inhabited, and left England for the Continent in company with her seducer. The letters referred to speak of this sad event as having produced an extraordinary sensation in England, where the Gurney family has long been universally known and loved. In this country, also, where their virtues are as highly appreciated by a very extensive circle, these particulars will be read with equal astonishment and grief.

A Paris letter writer says that Mrs. Gurney is not deterred by her position from appearing in public. She walks daily on the boulevards, seemingly watching with the greatest interest the erection of the little line of shops for the sale of New Year's trifles, which are rising on either side and wears a certain wide-awake hat, adorned with a long feather, which gives her an extremely juvenile appearance. She is of small figure, with a round face and quantities of dark hair encircling her eyes, and gathered on the neck behind. Her companion, though of considerably forty years of age, as well, a quiet and subdued expression, which gives him the look of a pensive shepherd who has tended his flock till he has grown into the likeness of one of his own sheep. This may originate in the awkwardness of his present position, for it is quite concealing to see how his outward appearance coincides with the present French fashion, which requires every male Parisian to look like an English groom, if wishing to be taken for a French nobleman.

**BOARD OF HEALTH.**—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 151—Adults 92, and children 59.

**MADAME BOBSON** attended the President's last levee in her court dress, valuing \$50,000. The masses stared.



## TWO

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## Wit and Humor.

**GRAY MEN ALWAYS KNOW EACH OTHER.**—When Mr. Clay visited Hopkinsville, Kentucky, the first year of the administration of John Quincy Adams, to defend himself against the charge of "bargain, intrigue, and corruption," he was called upon by his friends at a large and spacious saloon. Dr. H., then of that place, and a great friend of Mr. Clay, was by his side, presenting him to his numerous friends as they came forward. Presently the Doctor saw the tall form of the eccentric Governor Pittsford enter the door of the saloon. Instantly he embraced the opportunity to point him out to Mr. C., and then whispered to him that that tall man at the door "is Governor Pittsford, of Pond River, a most worthy friend of yours, whom you must know without an introduction; and you must be certain, before he leaves, to wish that he may never have another invasion of squirrels." Thus posted, Mr. Clay stood his ground in the centre of the saloon, while the Governor, unconscious of the innocent trick, approached him by degrees, and saying, as he came,

"Don't introduce me to Mr. Clay; he will know me, and I shall know him; for great men know each other on sight."

The Governor looked every where but in the right place, asked, as he passed on:

"Where is the god-like man?" and saying, "I shall know him on sight; for great men like to never fail to know each other. I beg of you, gentlemen, not to introduce us; we will know each other, though we have never seen each other. You say he is in this room; good—I shall find him!" and away he stalked toward the place where Mr. Clay stood.

Presently he drew himself up to his loftiest height upon beholding Mr. Clay, and eyed him for some time in unutterable admiration. Mr. Clay stepped forward with his blandest smile, and sweetest voice, and exclaimed,

"How are you, Governor Pittsford, of Pond River? I am rejoiced to see you."

"Hear that!" said the Governor; "didn't I tell you that he would know me, and that Pittsford would know him? Yes, yes, gentlemen, he is the greatest man that lives!"

After cordially shaking hands, and telling a few of his happy jokes, Mr. Clay said,

"My dear Governor, I wish that you may live a thousand years, that health may abound throughout your wide domain, and that you may never have another invasion of squirrels."

"Bless me!" said the Governor, "did you hear that? How did he know that my people lost their entire crop of corn last year by squirrels? Bless my soul, he knows everything!—Wonderful! wonderful! I always told you he was the greatest man in the world—didn't I, boys?"

And the Governor left in a state of perfect admiration of the great statesman.—*Harper's Magazine.*

**THE MAYOR WANTS TO SEE THEM.**—A young man, a nephew, had been to sea; and on his return, he was narrating to his uncle an adventure which he had met on board a ship.

"I was one night leaning over the rail, looking down into the mighty ocean," said the nephew, whom we will call William, "when my gold watch fell from my belt and immediately sunk out of sight. The vessel was going ten knots an hour; but nothing daunted, I sprang over the rail, down, down, and, after a long search, found it, came up close under the stern, and climbed back to the deck, without any one knowing I had been absent."

"William," said his uncle, slightly elevating his broad brow and opening his eyes to their widest capacity, "how fast did they say the vessel was going?"

"Ten knots, uncle."

"And then dove down into the sea, and came up with the watch, and climbed up by the rail-chain?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And these expects me to believe thy story?"

"Of course! You wouldn't dream of calling me a liar, would you, uncle?"

"William," replied the uncle, gravely, "these knows I never calls anybody names; but, William, if the Mayor of the city were to come to me, and say, 'Josiah, I want thee to find the biggest liar in all Philadelphia,' I would come straight to thee, and put my hand on thy shoulder, and say to thee, 'William, the Mayor wants to see thee!'"

**RATHER GREENY.**—A scene occurred at our depot, writes a Missouri friend, the other day which, for cool impudence, I have seldom seen paralleled. I was standing there on the arrival of the St. Louis packet, when a gentleman came up and addressed a man standing close by me, and evidently a stranger to him, with the common Western question,

"Do you use tobacco?"

"Yes, sir," he graciously replied, and producing a plug of the hugest dimensions, he handed it to the applicant, who, taking out his knife, cut off about one-fifth of it, with the observation,

"There's tobacco enough for any man, ain't there?"

"Well, I should think there was," was the indignant reply.

"Very well, you take it, then," he coolly observed, and handing him the small piece, he put the plug in his pocket and walked away.

**TAKING AN INVITATION.**—There used to be a worthless drunken fellow named Dick, who wandered about the small village of Moon, a nuisance to every one, but he was pitted and borne with on account of his good-humor and cool impudence. He chanced in at the house of Deacon Derby one cold wintry morning just as the family had sat down to breakfast. The Deacon purposely abstained from asking him to the table, and he stood warming himself at the fire-place for some time without any one saying a word to him, looking very longingly at the table in the meanwhile. At last the old Deacon looked up and said,

"It's pretty cold out doors, ain't it, Dick?"

"Thank you," briskly replied Dick; "I don't care if I do!" and drawing a chair to the table, he made a breakfast with a great deal of gusto and a great deal of disgust on the part of the Deacon.

**NOR GRASS.**—Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, an Irishman, William Patterson, left Erin's green isle to find a home in America. Having friends in the region of Fair Haven, Ohio, he made his way thither. Taking dinner one day at the house of Dr. F., he was treated to the American dish, wholly new to him, of green corn in the ear. Unwilling, however, to be thought green himself, or being anxious to display unusual sagacity, after having eagerly devoured the savory corn, his appetite still unsatisfied, he passed up the despoiled cob, with the very natural request,

"Please put some more grass on my stick!"

**A JUDICIOUS QUESTION.**—When the learned John Selden was a member of the assembly of divines at Westminster, who were appointed to new model religion, he delighted to puzzle them by curious quibbles. Once they were gravely engaged in determining the exact distance from Jerusalem to Jericho; and one of them, to prove that it could not be great, observed that fish were carried from one place to another. On which Selden observed,

"Perhaps it was salt fish," and again threw the assembly into doubt.

"I do not think, madam, that any man of the least sense would approve your conduct," said an indignant husband. "Sir," retorted his better half, "how can you judge what any man of the least sense would do?"

## Agricultural.

### NEW AND VALUABLE PLANTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

**Messrs. Editors.**—Presuming you to be advocates of horticultural improvements, we ask the favor to communicate through the medium of your extensive and valuable journal, in regard to several rare and valuable vegetable plants, our experiments, cultivation, and preparation of the same. I think if there was a more general correspondence with farmers through the medium of the press, and their experience more generally imparted to each other with regard to new and rare varieties of plants, their good or bad qualities, &c., the community would be much benefited thereby.

We have grown, with good success, the following varieties, for the two past seasons, and deem them worthy of general cultivation:—*The Japan Apple-Pie Melon.* It is stated in a California paper that the seed of this melon was recently introduced into that State, from one of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, and that they are cultivated with good success in California, attaining the weight of from 45 to 50 lbs., and are highly esteemed as a luxury for pies, and sell readily in the market of San Francisco at sixpence per lb.

We obtained a package of the seed in the spring of 1858, from a friend who resides in California, and have had good success in their cultivation; we have now (Jan. 15th) specimens eighteen inches in length, weighing from 30 to 40 lbs., as sound and fresh as when gathered from the vines. They are cylindrical in shape; color, when ripe, a yellowish, golden tint; flesh very fine and close-grained; color of seeds, a darkish green. They are very hardy, and easy of culture; plant on good soil, some ten feet apart, leaving two, or at the most, three plants in each hill; after the fruit has set, pinch off the top of the vines, and prune off some of the lateral vines; without pruning, the vines extend some 15 or 20 feet with many branches or laterals, which cover the ground too densely, causing the fruit to be more imperfect.

To prepare them for pies, &c., peel and cut up the melon small, taking out the seeds, soft pulp, &c. Put them in a preserving kettle, with just water enough to keep them from burning, and stew over a tolerably brisk fire for three or four hours, or until the whole is reduced to a pulpy mass, and free from lumps. You have thus a substance resembling green apples stewed; and by adding sugar and a little lemon, or tartaric acid, and making up with crust in the usual way, we have a pie equal, if not superior, to an apple pie. If you desire a pumpkin or custard pie of the melons, stew as above directed, but omit the acids, and bring the mass to the proper richness and consistency by adding sugar, milk and eggs. Little of either of these ingredients will be found necessary—only sufficient to give the color and flavor. For a mince or meat pie, we prefer them to any apple; prepare the same as for the apple, by chopping fine. For preserves, cut the melon across, in slices about an inch thick, take out the softest of the core, peel and cut up the slices in sizes most convenient to serve at table; put them in a preserving kettle, set over the fire, and pour on boiling water to cover, and let it heat gently for three hours. Then take out the pieces carefully, so as not to break them, and lay them in a pan of cold water. Make a syrup of 1 lb. of sugar to 1 lb. of fruit, (weighing before boiling,) using a pint of water to a pound of sugar, and put the fruit in this syrup, and boil again until it is clear—from three to five hours. When about half done, put in sliced lemons—say one lemon to each pound of fruit. We have thus a preserve made of this melon superior to any other fruit we have tested. For sauce, pare and slice like apples, and put into the stew-tin; add a little extract of lemon, and sweeten to your taste. If gathered when ripe, and kept in a cool, dry place, free from frost, these melons will keep sound and good for a year, and are more valuable on that account, as we have them at hand, fresh and good, at any time of the year.

We have also had good success in growing the "Hubbard Squash." This squash, which has been but recently introduced, is universally ranked, by all who have tested it, as far superior in quality to any other variety of the squash family. They excel in flavor and firmness of the flesh any squash we ever tested. They are very thick-shelled, and are in prime order for cooking from November, and will keep until March. They should be cooked with the shell on.

**The "Peejee Tomato."** The seed of this tomato, recently introduced from one of the Peejee



SOME GOOD AT LAST.

**AMATEUR SKATER.**—"Entirely my own idea, Barry,—elegant, elegance and safety combined. I call it the 'Skater's Friend.'"

Islands, we have grown for the two past seasons, and find it superior to any other variety. It is early, and the fruit more solid, less seeds, smoother surface, and of good quality. Having a surplus of seeds of the above varieties on hand, which may prove of value to those who wish to cultivate them, I am willing to send, by mail, a package of each or any of the above varieties to whoever may desire it, asking only a sufficiency of stamps to pay the expense of putting up the seeds, and postage.

L. NORRIS.

Windsor, Ashland, Co., Ohio.

### LUCK IN PIGS.

We often hear it remarked, even by farmers, "I never have any luck in raising pigs. I have tried a great many times, but sometimes my sow would die—a total loss of ship and cargo; sometimes she would eat her pigs as soon as dropped; sometimes, notwithstanding all the pains I could take, she would prove barren; and sometimes the pigs would do well a little while and then begin to die off one at a time. I never had any luck, and have given up trying. I had rather buy my pigs: it is the cheapest for me. My neighbor, Mr. A.—B.—, raises a nice litter every year. He is dreadful lucky in pigs. I never had any luck, and will never try again. It's no use."

Well, I suppose that we may as well give in that it is all in luck; but it is mighty profitable luck to the lucky fellow who can have the luck to raise from eight to twelve pigs from a young sow, each spring, and sell them for from two-and-a-half to three dollars each at four weeks old, and make four hundred pounds of pork from the sow in the fall. His pork comes cheap, especially if he keeps his sow on the manure heap. Lucky fellow, he. He must have been born under a lucky constellation. Or, possibly, he may be naturally hogish himself and have a sympathy for the swinish multitude.

Perhaps a few ideas from one of the lucky kind will be acceptable to some of your readers. We shall divide this important subject, and treat of it under three distinct heads:

1. Selection of the breeder.
2. Her education.
3. Keeping.

First. In selecting the pig to raise for a breeder, count the teeth. One with twelve fully developed teeth, will infallibly be prolific and a good nurse—good for milk and careful of her young. Fourteen teeth should be preferred; but never try to raise pigs from a sow with less than ten good teeth. I risk my swinish character on the correctness of this rule.

Secondly. We now come to one of the most important points in the rearing of all animals, especially the hog, viz. education. I do not mean that it is absolutely necessary that your swinish breeder should be taught to read—though I am not prepared to say he is not capable of learning even that; but I do mean to say, that she should be so petted as to become fond of the person who has the care of her, and thus lose the natural ferocity of her kind, and not be disturbed by his presence when she brings forth her young.

Thirdly. It now remains to offer a few observations in keeping. The provident will make the animal earn half her living in manufacturing manure. At all events, she should have sufficient space and exercise to insure good health and the use of her limbs. If she can occasionally have an out-door run, and chance to root the ground, it will be beneficial. Give a sufficiency of food to keep in good flesh and growing, with a sufficiency but not an excess of salt, and an abundance of drink. Keep warm in the winter and cool in the summer. A pailful of cold water, occasionally dashed on to the animal on a hot day, is very reviving and conducive to good health. The hog goes with young sixteen weeks. They seldom vary twenty-four hours from that time. The feed should be gradually increased as much as eight weeks before they bring forth. For two days after, she should have no food except a little thin gruel, not to exceed half a pint a day of meal. She should have all the warm water she will take, which will sometimes be two pailfuls in a day. This is very essential, as it helps the flow of milk and prevents fever. You may now gradually increase the feed till the pigs are two weeks old, when she should be full fed. If you have no better feed, good Indian meal, mixed with milk, will answer very well, if you give enough and feed regularly. The pigs should be taught to eat with their mother as young as two weeks, which may be done by having a broad shallow trough, and gently putting them into it when the mother is eating.

By pursuing the foregoing course, I have not filled one for the last thirty years, when I have tried, in raising a healthy litter of pigs. Some years of the thirty I have not kept a sow, but have often raised two or three litters in a year. I am considered one of the lucky kind. By trying this plan, and avoiding breeding in-and-in, some of the unlucky ones may possibly change their luck.—J. H. WILLARD, in Maine Farmer.

### GROWING AND CURING TOBACCO.

A correspondent of Sheridan, N. Y., asks how to cure tobacco. I will give him the farmers' mode here, as it differs from the way you proposed, and I think it the best. I have been raising tobacco for ten years, and have always had good luck in curing it, and I will give you a description how we fix our barns. Put poles in them four feet apart, and make tobacco sticks four feet long. Cut your tobacco, split the main stalk to within two or three inches of where you intend to cut it off, and it down, invert astride of the ridge of the row until it begins to wilt; then let it up in a hill, and drive up two forks, and lay up your tobacco stick in the forks. Then hang the tobacco astride of the stick, and put on from ten to fifteen plants, according to the size. Then hang in the barn, or on a scaffold if too far to take to the barn. The way we build a scaffold is to take a good stout pole, say twelve feet long, rest one end on a stump, if convenient, some four feet high, raise the other end up level with two forks; then put on the end of the tier poles four feet apart; then raise the other end with two forks, and hang the sticks of tobacco on the scaffold, crowding them up as close as you can, but not to bruise them.

Great care should be taken in handling tobacco when green, or it will bruise, which will spoil the leaf. Tobacco scaffolded out in the sun will yellow quicker than that which is hung in the barn, and it needs the greatest attention. When it begins to turn yellow, look at it every day, and as soon as you see the lower corner begin to turn a brownish color, open it on the scaffold, or take it to the barn and hang it up so that it will not touch. Now for the color you want it. If you want a dark brown, start your fire a little, a mere smoke for two or three days, then make it hotter gradually, until it is cured up. If you want what is called *fancy tobacco*,—like Jacob's cat-tling-streaked,—you must cut it at about the color you want it; then put on the fire, and cure it up quick. A great many people don't fire any; but fire a little if you can.

Stripping is a pretty nice job—to assort it right, the large leaves should be put by themselves, and the small ones in a different pile. The different colors also should be kept separate. Sweating we don't do, as we always sell it by hand to what is termed a tobacco buyer, who buys up from 100 to 200 hogheads, and presses it for market.—*Kentucky Correspondent of Rural New Yorker.*

**BROKEN KNEES OF HORSES.**—Will you allow us to commend to the notice of your readers the tincture of marigold (*Calendula officinalis*) as a remedy for badly broken knees in horses? I am not aware that the use of *Calendula* in such accidents is generally known, but it is really invaluable. Last August I had, through the carelessness of my groom, a valuable mare thrown down; she fell on the hard road and got what is called "a regular mucker;" the knee of her near fore leg was badly and deeply cut, and that of the off leg was cut, but not so great an extent; the skin was grazed off her nose, and in other respects she was injured. I, and all who saw the mare, thought that her near knee must at any rate remain blemished; and that in short an animal for which only a few days previously £50 had been refused, would by reason of this accident be worth scarcely one quarter of that sum. Before applying the tincture, I had every particle of grit carefully removed from the knee by means of a sponge and warm water; when this had been done, I saturated some pieces of lint with the *Calendula* lotion, made in the proportion of ten drops of the tincture to two tablespoonfuls of water; on the lint I placed a piece of oilskin cut into the shape of a knee-cap, and this I tied on the broken knee; the lint was kept constantly moist. In the course of three or four days the wound had made wonderful progress towards recovery; the flesh was brought forward, and the surface rapidly became smooth. The knee has now for some time past been perfectly healed, and the hair has grown beautifully on it, without any of that harshness or curling which so commonly disfigures a knee that has been broken. I would defy any one to tell that the mare had been down. Arnie's is a famous remedy, I

know, for broken knees, but where the mischief done has been great, and the cut deep, I do not believe there is anything like the tincture of *calendula*.—*London Field.*

**THE EMPEROR'S GIFT.**—The Emperor Joseph II. was in the habit of walking about incognito. One morning he went into an elegant coffee-house, and asked for a cup of chocolate. He was plainly dressed, and the waiters, being ignorant of his rank, insolently refused it, saying it was too early. Without making any reply, he walked out, and went into a little coffee-house hard by, and asked for a cup of chocolate. The landlord answered that it should be ready in a moment. While he waited for it, he walked up and down, and was conversing on different subjects, when the landlord's daughter, a very pretty girl, made her appearance. The Emperor wished her good-day; and observed to the father that it was high time a flower in full bloom should marry before it faded. "Ah!" replied the honest old man, "if I had but a thousand crowns, I could marry her to a fine young man who is very fond of her; but, sir, the chocolate is ready." The Emperor called for a pen, ink, and paper; the girl ran to fetch them, when he gave her an order on his banker for the thousand crowns.

**A WIFE'S PRAYER.**—If there is anything that comes nearer to the imploration of Naomi than the subjoined, then we have not seen it: Lord, bless and preserve that dear person whom thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer in all his sorrows; a most helper in all the accidents and changes in the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes, and forever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity and compliance. Keep me from ungentleness, all discontentedness and unreasonableness of passion and humor; and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed Word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever. Amen.

While resident for awhile at the village of Box, in Wiltshire, Coleridge lodged at a grocer's, and discovered one day to his dismay that his room lay over a barrel of gunpowder. Expostulation with the owner of the house not prevailing to remove the dangerous article, Coleridge prepared to remove himself. The servant maid, who had learnt to venerate her eccentric guest, now entreated him to reconsider his determination. "Do you think, Mary, I can sleep in a place where I am in momentary danger of blowing up?" "I thought, sir," said Mary, "that it was the shot, and not the powder, that hurt people." "So should I think, Mary, were I a little bird."

**NO WONDER!**—The women in India, at the first running of a locomotive on the new Madras Railroad, made reverential salaams to it, as to a superior being! Natives had been stationed with signal flags on the route; but, on the approach of the fearful new monster, they threw down the flags and scampered for dear life.

"I am certain, wife, that I am right and that you are wrong; I'll bet my ears on it." "Indeed, husband, you shouldn't carry betting to such extreme lengths."

## Useful Receipts.

**SEBURY RECEIPTS.**—A medical correspondent of THE POST sends us the following receipts:—**TANNING POWDER.**—Wheat flour 20 parts; alum 8 parts; salt 3 parts. Pulverize, mix and rub this compound over the skin after nailing it out tightly. In about two weeks rub the hide together and dress off with a knife.

**OIL OF TARTAR.**—In London, England, oil of tartar is thus prepared:—Crude potash of commerce 14 lbs.; water 1 gallon. It is used by the tavern-keepers for scouring and cleansing the pewter beer measures.

**WATERPROOF COMPOSITION.** to be applied to saddles, harness, gill aprons, boots and shoes; also, to well ropes, handles of various implements, and many other uses, may be thus prepared:—Rosin 1 part; lard 2 parts, mix and apply warm, drying it in before the fire.

**LINIMENT FOR FROSTBITE.**—Tincture of opium,  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce; spirits of camphor,  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce; tincture of cantharides,  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce. Mix and apply as soon as possible. I have found this to be a uniformly successful remedy.

C. E. A., M. D.

**CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.**—Galligan says that Dr. Hartung has successfully applied citric acid to the cure of rheumatism. It is not as expensive as lemon juice, which is recommended by Drs. Rees, Dalrymple, Perkins and others. Twenty grammes of the acid in two hundred and fifty of water, administered in the course of from fifteen or thirty-six hours, generally effects a cure in ten or fifteen days. The affected part is wrapped in wadding.

**COOKING RICE.**—INSTRUCTIONS BY A COLORED COOK.—Wash him well, much wash in cold water, the rice flour make him stick. Water boil already very fast. Throw him in, rice can't burn, water shake too much. Boil quarter of an hour or little more; rub one rice in thumb and finger, if all rub away him quite done. Put rice in colander, hot water run away; pour cup of cold water on him, put back rice in saucepan, keep him covered near the fire, then rice is all ready. Eat him up.

**HOW TO PROTECT FURS FROM MOTHS.**—The largest emporium for furs is, doubtless, Moscow; and apropos of the last named city, we see it stated by one who was present at the first World's Fair in London, in 1851, when the furs from Moscow for the Exhibition were being unrolled, he observed that each contained a swan's quill, one end of which was tightly corked. On inquiring of the Russian gentleman who had the furs in charge, he was informed that the quills contained liquid quicksilver, and were a certain preventive of the attacks of moths.

## The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 45 letters.  
My 29, 3, 7, 33, 16, 20, 38, 4, is a celebrated bridge which connects an island in the river Seine with both banks of the river.  
My 42, 37, 7, 11, 9, 14, is the largest city in Europe.  
My 8, 17, 10, 22, 5, 31, 16, 26, 24, 7, 37, 39, 42, 41, is a city situated on the Sea of Marmora and the Strait of Bosphorus.  
My 16, 15, 42, 26, is a river in Egypt.  
My 39, 36, 17, 43, 15, 11, 6, 14, 32, 44, is a city situated on Providence river.  
My 1, 2, 45, 23, 34, 7, 11, 15, 12, 35, is a group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean.  
My 11, 25, 29, 34, 36, 14, is an Isthmus in the Western Hemisphere.  
My 4, 29, 21, 28, 37, 2, 41, 41, is a Cape on the Western Hemisphere.  
My 7, 17, 30, 18, 24, is a Sea in the Eastern Hemisphere.  
My 23, 19, 15, 26, 36, is a river in Soudan, (in Africa.)  
My 12, 3, 21, 17, 8, 8, 37, is a country of Africa.  
My 5, 36, 14, 7, 6, 40, 35, 41, 44, is one of the United States.  
My whole is an old and true saying.  
E. D. WRAY.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 14 letters.  
My 4, 5, 13, 8, 3, is a liquid.  
My 12, 4, 6, is a bird.  
My 10, 5, 6, 14, is very much in use.  
My 9, 5, 2, 10, 8, is to lift.  
My 11, 12, 4, is a useful animal.  
My 9, 5, 1, 11, 5, 6, is a rogue.  
My 3, 5, 9, 8, is scarce.  
My 1, 12, 7, is a drunkard.  
My 12, 7, 14, 12, is an animal valuable for its fur.  
My 3, 8, 5, 9, is to raise up.  
My 7, 5, 3, 8, is a weed.  
My 13, 8, 9, 1, 8, is a torment.  
My 6, 5, 14, every body does.  
My 6, 8, 13, is to allow.  
My whole is to be considered the King of Authors.  
Philadelphia.  
S. H.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WILL WINDSOR.  
In your dwelling you will find my 5, 4, 2.  
I dare say you are fond of my 2, 3, 4.  
I am certain you 3, 4, 2.  
You will say 1, 4, 5, is a nickname.  
Perhaps you have been on my 1, 3, 4.  
Before you dine you take my 1, 3, 4, 2.  
No doubt you will also take my 5, 3, 4, 2.  
Fast men generally have my 2, 3, 4, 5.  
In your coat you will find my 1, 3, 4, 5.  
Every flower has my 1, 2, 3, 5.  
Every ship has my 5, 4, 1, 2.  
Every man should have my 5, 4, 2, 3.  
My whole can transfer you to almost any part of the world.

PUZZLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
AAAAHHHPNNHETZ.  
No name of nation or of place  
I by these letters mean,  
But if they are correctly placed,  
My name will then be seen.  
These letters now, if you've a mind,  
You may in Holy Scripture find;  
But when you've searched the volume round,  
It only once can there be found.  
Naples, Scotia Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

CHARADE.

My first is a lady in teens,  
My second a place underground,  
My third any syllable means,  
In my whole variety's found.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
A net out from the city of C to travel to the city of D at the same time that B left D for C. When A had travelled 20 hours, he was overtaken by an express, whose speed was equal to his and B's together. B met the same express just 40 minutes before he came to a river which is 136 miles from D. When B had been travelling 18 hours, he overtook a drove whose speed was equal to the difference between his and A's. A met the drove just 30 minutes after he passed a village known to be 61 miles from where B overtook the drove. The express met the drove just 6 hours before A met B. Required—the distance from C to D, and the hourly speed of A and B?  
ARTEMAS MARTIN.

☐ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
Given the chord of the arc of a divided circle to be 40, and the measure over the arc is 60; required the versed sine thereof.  
X.

CONUNDRUMS.

☐ Why is Barclay's brewery like a Jewish tavern? Ans.—Hebrews drink there. (He brews.)  
☐ If a tough breakfast could speak, what English poet would it name? Ans.—Chaucer. (Chaw, sir.)  
☐ Why is an uncut leg of bacon like Hamlet in his soliloquy? Ans.—It is ham let alone. (Hamlet alone.)  
☐ Why is an angry man like fifty-nine minutes past twelve? Ans.—He is just ready to strike one.

**ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.**  
**BIBLICAL ENIGMA.**—The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah by fire. **MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.**—Atlantic Telegraph. **RIDDLE.**—The Letter A. **RIDDLE.**—Writing (ring-gin-in). **CHARADE.**—Tar-tar. **ANAGRAMS.**—Antelope—Lamb—Elephant—Camel—Weasel—Panther—Hare—Hippopotamus—Leopard—Ape. **GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.**—182 rods.

**THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS.**—A member of the Board: Mr. Drock, how many points has the compass, sir? Midly: The compass, sir? Well sir, the compass—allow me to reflect a moment, sir! Ah, yes. The compass, sir, has—yes. It depends entirely upon the size of the instrument, sir.